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Selections.

From the New York Day Book July 11.

COLONIZATION AGAIN—ITS OBJECTS, SUBJECTS AND AGENTS.

The Day-Book of July 3d, contained a brief but well-considered account of the characters of some of the Liberian colonists who have recently made their appearance before the public as advocates of the Colonization enterprise, and as *specimens* of its agencies and results: The Day-Book's statement was but a single chapter of a volume of similar facts intended to be communicated from time to time, as occasion might call, and was put forth with the design and expectation of provoking some of those who get their living by "obtaining money on false pretenses," under this monstrous imposture of Colonization, to thrust themselves before the public in such a position as would demand a thorough exposure of their individual characters and history in connexion with this scheme of fraud.

The *Commercial Advertiser* of Friday, contained a somewhat disjointed statement, contradicting a *part* of the *Day-Book's* facts, signed "J. B. PINNEY." This was brought to the notice of the editor of the *Day-Book* at too late an hour on Saturday to receive a notice then; and the foreign news yesterday excluded a reply, as it did other original matter designed for publication on that day. Time and inconvenience now serve for a little examination of this attempted defence of the yellow rascals whose wickedness was in part exposed in the *Day-Book*, and also to show the public who "J. B. Pinney" is.

In 1836, the editor of the *Day-Book*, then making arrangements to go to West Africa in order to investigate thoroughly the condition of the Liberian colony, and the operations and prospects of the Colonization scheme, (of which he then was, and from his early youth had been an enthusiastic admirer and advocate,) was introduced at his brother's house to a person called John B. Pinney, who had but a few days before returned from Liberia, where he had been at first nominally a Presbyterian missionary, and then, abandoning that sacred cause, had become a secular agent of the Colonization Society, with better pay, and employment much better suited to his moral character.

The most striking thing about this Pinney's appearance, was his palpable negro or mulatto aspect, not merely in the colour of his skin, but in the conformation of his head, and also peculiarly in the manner in which his hair grew on his forehead. He had always been spoken of as if he were an undoubted white man; and the writer of this, being then very young and unsuspicious, after recovering from his first disagreeable impressions, regarded him as a person of pure European ancestry—who was rather unfortunate in having complexion and hair strongly resembling those of one of half-African parentage. Being very desirous of acquiring the fullest possible knowledge of every fact concerning the Liberian colony, and considering himself eminently fortunate in such an opportunity to know the truth in a matter upon which a great purpose of life, and even life itself depended, he made this nigger-looking man his friend, as he supposed,—at any rate treated him like a friend—introduced him to gentlemen, passed many hours in conversation with him, for weeks seeking to draw from him the truth in regard to the condition of Liberia, the character of the colonists, the difficulties of colonization, and the ultimate feasibility of the original scheme. The miserable black mongrel was all this while the guest of the writer's brother, was entertained as if he himself had been a brother, was continually introduced into society which could not have tolerated the presence of such a creature but for a respect for the cause with which he had been associated, and the interest associated with the scene of his supposed benevolent labours.

Before Pinney made his appearance in that place it was rumored of him that he was *insane*,—that he had strongly manifested insanity in Liberia, by his actions and his evil *reports* of the condition of things there. When the writer of this first met him, it was with this rumour prominent in his mind and with fear that it might be true. A few days' acquaintance quieted suspicion which was not revived for several weeks; but at length, Pinney's fantastic conduct and gross improprieties of demeanour called from others the declaration that he must be insane; and from that time the writer of this began to fear that it might be so.

A few months afterwards, the writer of this was in Africa; and from the first day of his landing on that continent till he left it, he had evidence that all which he had so studiously learned from that wretched creature was a mass of the most absurd and abominable falsehood. One of the *first* things that he heard there in speaking of Pinney was, that he had been notoriously actually insane during a large portion of the time when there resident,—that he had been carefully watched for fear that he might do himself some mischief. Friends and foes were alike agreed that he was a thoroughly insane man.

A large majority testified that Pinney's conduct had been outrageous, that he had grossly abused his trust as the agent of the Colonization Society and that he had been saved from the vengeance of the injured people only by their compassionate consideration of his intellectual infirmities and mental disease. At that time, no one spoke of Pinney with anger or vindictiveness; and the two parties to the discussion concerning him, only seemed to differ as to which of them behaved most considerately to him under all the circumstances. Those who were accused of having conspired or threatened at one time to put him in a canoe and shove him out upon the surf of the ocean—disowned any serious intent to accomplish what they had threatened, and declared that their only purpose was to confine him till they had an opportunity to ship him safely to America.

The *second* grand discovery was as to the long concealed cause of poor Pinney's mysterious difficulties in Africa; and it was this. The Liberia negroes and mulattoes, after careful inspection of his colour, features, forehead, hair, and especially *the lunule at the root of his finger nails*, pronounced him a "nigger," like themselves. Their natural objection to him was his disguise, his shamming himself a white man. To a genuine undisguised negro or mulatto they could feel only strong [very strong if they smelt him] affinities. To a purely white man they had their own instinctive antipathy and hostility where they feel themselves the majority, and consequently (according to "democratic" republican rule) the sovereigns. The ground of their peculiar savage hostility to Pinney was that he was a disguised "*nigger*,"—a nigger ashamed of his colour and race, and seeking to counterfeit the pure blood of the Caucasian race, by passing himself among them as "a real white man."

Time passed:—years passed while the writer of this was slowly learning in Africa what has now become the *fatal* question in America,—the capacity of the black man to fill the place assigned to him by benevolent white men; and he slowly learned to regard these reflections on Pinney's parentage as the mere invention of the malignant imagination of Liberia negroes. Various confirmations of his first suspicions and of his later observations and experiences, he heard from *white people* who knew Pinney well; but they were heard only to be forgotten—*until*, in another and remote region, the memory of them was revived and the previous confirmation *confirmed*.

The writer of this, after years of observation and, comparison of descriptions with fact, left Africa on the *eleventh* of July, 1839, with no impression of Pinney except that he was a great liar.—"a *black* liar," and yet a white man. At various times while in Africa, the writer read in papers and other publications received from America, addresses and statements made and delivered by this same John B. Penney, in regard to Liberia, so wholly false in every particular as to call forth loud expressions of indignation and abhorrence from those who considered him morally reponsible, and of regret and compassion from those who doubted whether he had sense and reason enough to know the difference between a lie and the truth. The writer of this has read those mis-statements of Pinney to a group of missionaries in Africa, in a place where, by looking from a window, they could all see the contradiction of those impudent falsehoods in the objects which met the eye; and in the course of the reading, pauses were made at the end of almost every sentence, for the purpose of noticing the palpable evidence of its untruth before the eyes at that moment. The writer has now no recollection of any particular in which Pinney told him the truth in regard to Liberia in reply to his anxious personal inquires before going to Africa, or in published statements read as before-mentioned in Africa. That many unimportant particulars were true is of course probable, but in all matters essential to a correct impression of the condition and character of Liberia and the colonists, the falsehood was uniform. The whole of the testimony was recollected only as a lie in the general purport, and in all particulars of any importance. On this subject there was no difference of opinion among people in Africa acquainted with his testimony. The only question was as to the moral or intellectual causes of this monstrous mendacity.

It was not until three years after returning from Africa that the writer had occasion to notice or recollect John Pinney again. But he happened while in Washington in 1842-3 to hear an account of Pinney's origin and early life from a Southern gentleman, (now one of the editors of the National Intelligencer,) who stated that Pinney's mother was a mullatto, that his father was a low, dissipated mechanic in Augnsta, (Georgia,) and that Pinney's pretensions to be a white man were utterly denied by those who knew his history. Pinney once gave an account of his having been driven out of a town in South Carolina under threats of public violence, for preaching Colonization. Now it so happened that the gentlemen who gave the writer this account of Pinney was a resident of that place at the very time, and knew all the particulars. He declared that what excited public indignation against Pinney was that being a mulatto he had under pretence that he was a white man attempted to violate the laws of that State by addressing night-meetings of negroes,—a thing wholly forbidden to men of colour. The writer of this had conversed with Pinney on that subject in 1836, but never received from him an inkling of the true cause of the hard treament he which he received from the South Carolinians.

From the premises it is sufficiently clear that John Pinney is believed by good judges to be a "nigger," shamming "white man," an insane man, and that he is a great liar. So much in reply to the proposed inquiry as to who and what J. B. Pinney is.

Next may be shown the value of his particular counter-statements in reply to the Day-Book.

The piece in the Commercial concludes as follows:

"But why does Dr. Dr. B. so violently attack the colonists? To those who are ignorant of the excitement and anger under which Dr. B., left the colony, and who are ignoraut of his course while there and of his intimacy with the slave-traders subsequently, it may be a wonder. Of this more if necessary. J. B. PINNEY."

By a singular coincidence, it so happens that exactly nine years ago this afternoon,—July 11, 1839—the editor of the Day Book "left the colony" of Liberia for the last time, after a residence at Monrovia of seven months, and in other parts of what is called Liberia of about a year, in other parts of West Africa of a little more than a year. He first landed in Liberia February 4, 1837; and consequently the whole period between his first and last sight of that very interesting country, was two years, five months and one week. At several times after ceasing to reside there, he visited Monrovia, and made careful observations of the condition of the people. He was always welcomed by them with strong expressions of delight and of hope that he had come back to remain and resume the medical charge of the colony; and after his departure he was followed to the shore with loud regrets that he would not stay, and with earnest entreaties that he would change his determination.

Especially was this feeling manifested when he left "the colony" nine years ago to-day when some of the colonists followed him through the bushes down to the very beach where he took the boat which conveyed him to the ship—beseeching him to stay and take care of them when they were sick and not leave them to die as they feared they should with the next attack of the dreadful diseases of that pestilential climate. Some of these men added—as many do when they see anybody leaving the colony and returning to America—"Take me with you. I can't live in this miserable place. I shall die here. O! Doctor take me with you, and I will be your servant or do anything you say." He never heard more piteous expressions of despairing misery or more heart rending cries of sorrow than those which mingled in the reluctant adieus of those poor exiles longing to return to their native land, the land of Slavery.

When he first left the colony and terminated his residence at Monrovia, he did so simply because his usefulness as Colonial physician was obstructed and nullified by want of food sufficient to keep his convalescent patients from starvation and even to support himself in health and vigour, and also by the cruel treatment which the sick emigrants received from the colonists and by the nightly robberies perpetrated on their little stock of necessaries by the thievish Liberians. He was himself robbed in repeated instances; and his native servants beaten and abused in the most shameful manner by the colonists without possibility of redress, so that it was difficult to secure the attendance necessary to his business and his subsistence. When sick, he found that his orders in regard to the invalids were countermanded—and his treatment thwarted by the negro agents of the Society, in consequence of which several of his patients died while he was too much enfeebled by fever to leave the house to attend to them.

These things furnished some occasion for "anger and excitement" to a white man, however, slight it might seem to a "nigger." That he left and expressed indignation, every real "white man" will naturally infer.

"Of this more to morrow if necessary"—and whether necessary or not.

From the New York Day Book July 12.

COLONIZATION.—(*Continued.*)—The conclusion of the article in the *Commercial Advertiser*, signed "J. B. Pinney," after charging that the editor of the *Day-Book* "left the colony" "under anger and excitement," alludes vaguely to "his course there," and to his alleged "intimacy with the slave-holders subsequently."

As to "Dr. B.'s course while there," as there is nothing charged against it, there is no occasion to defend it. It is not in the power of even the most mendacious of Colonizationists, white, yellow, brown or black, to bring forward any charge against the official conduct or moral character of "Dr. B." during the whole period of his residence in Liberia. They may take the range of his whole sojourn in and about West Africa for their investigations, and do their worst upon it. There is not one act of his life there, public or private, that he desires to keep secret, or that will injure him by its exposure.

As to "intimacy with slave-holders," his acquaintance with that class of people was made, without any overture on his part, through the unasked agency of the colonists and Colonizationists. John N. Lewis, (one of the Liberians now in this city, and Secretary of the Colony,) in July, 1837, was in the employ of Pedro Blanco, the great Spanish slave-trader at Galinhas, about sixty miles from Monrovia, and within the territory of the Colony of Liberia. He was Blanco's store-keeper at Monrovia, and received a large amount of money from him in compensation for services in connexion with the slave-trade, and for rent of store hired of him by Blanco. These facts are so notorious that "J. B. Pinney's" article in the *Commercial Advertiser* admits them. While the brig Ivanhoe of Boston was discharging a large cargo of tobacco, belonging to Blanco, at Monrovia, (which was then a depot of the slave-traders, and quite indispensible to their traffic, on account of the badness of the surf at Galinhas in that year,) John N. Lewis had at his house for several weeks an agent or factor of Blanco, a very well, educated and highly accomplished Spanish gentleman, about thirty years old, named Thomas Rodriguez Buron. John N. Lewis brought this gentlemanly slave-trader to "Dr. B.'s" house and introduced him, of his own accord, without being invited by "Dr. B." The new acquaintance proved very agreable.—"Don Thomas," as he was called, was a very thoroughly educated man, having been instructed at one of the military colleges of France, in which the late Duke d'Orleans and the Duke de Nemours were his fellow students. He had subsequently been an officer of dragoons in the Spanish army, and served in the invasion of Tampico. He was a man of extensive reading in the literature of other countries as well as his own, and spoke four or five European languages. He conversed in English with great fluency, ease and propriety. Such a man's company was a great comfort in such a place, where the society of intelligent or gentlemanly people was not even to be looked for. Don Thomas came often to see Dr. B.," but the latter never called on the former, though he was very glad to receive Don Thomas and talk with him when he came, and frequently invited him to his house. As Monrovia was then a favourite resort of the slave-traders, (who indeed furnished a great part of the business of the Liberians,) other gentlemen of that popular class were introduced to Dr. B., who always endeavoured to treat them with the same courtesy and kindness with which they treated him.

A few weeks previous to his introduction to these interesting strangers by the Baptist and Methodist Liberians, he was (on about the 19th of June introduced by Dr. James Hall (formerly Physician to the colony, in the employ of the American Colonization Society, afterwards founder and Governor of the colony at Cape Palmas, and at the present time General Agent of the Maryland Colonization Society) to Theodore Canot, a factor or associate of Blanco, and then carrying on the slave-trade in Liberia at New Sesters, about as far Eastward and Southward from Monrovia as Galinhas is Northward and Westward. The interview was a very brief one occurring merely while Dr. Hall and Mr. Canot were trading in commodities designed for the slave-trade.

This is the totality of his "intimacy with slave-traders" while connected with the Colonization Society,—an intimacy which originated solely in that connexion.

"Subsequently" he became a resident at Cape Palmas, at the Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which continued to be his home until he finally left Africa and went to England. During that period, he made three voyages along the coast, on two of which, the vessels in which he sailed from place to place, stopped to trade with slave-traders at the two principal slave-marts in Liberia; (New Sesters and Galinhas;) and at these two places he was permitted to land and gratify his curiosity by witnessing the slave-trade in actual operation. The results of his observations he has already, in part, published, and hopes to complete the publication soon. This was the amount of his "intimacy with slave-traders, subsequently," except that on his voyage to the Gambia and Senegal and there visited Rissao and Bulama, where the slave trade was then carried on by Don Caetano Jossè de Nicolina, a Portugese gentleman previously and since Governor of the Portuguese colonies in that region.

The Colonization Society's disguised "nigger," on this subject says that he will give—"Of this, more if necessary." Well,—what "more?" Out with it!

At any rate the unfortunate "nigger" representative of Colonization will have "more of *this*;" for the exposure of his villainy and that of his mulatto associates is not yet complete.

From the New York Day Book: of July 18th.

COLONIZATION—AGAIN.—A continuation of the reply to "J. B. Pinney's" article in the *Commercial Advertiser* of Friday, July 7—was deferred on account of other engagements. It was not intended to resume the counter-statement till Monday. But as the same person has published a rejoinder to a part of the Day-Books statements, in last evening's *Commercial*, a few words to-day will serve to occupy the minds of the Colonizationists while they are waiting for the main body of the argument.

It should be noticed first that "J. B. Pinney" (agent of the Colonization Society) *admits* that John N. Lewis, now Secretary of the Colony of Liberia, (first by appointment from the American Colonization Society, and afterwards by appointment proceeding from the people,) *was engaged in the slave trade in Liberia*, in 1817, *was* in the employ of the great Spanish slave-trader, Don Pedro Blanco, *was* his storekeep- at Monrovia,—that his warehouse in Monrovia *was* used as Blanco's depot for articles necessary to the slave-trade, that Blanco's factor and agents in the slave-trade boarded at Lewis's dwelling-house in Monrovia, and that many slave vessels came to Monrovia in that year to supply themselves from Blanco's depot for the slave-trade. The only corrections which J. B. Pinney attempts to make in the Day-Book's statement are—that Lewis was not at that time a *communicant* in the Baptist Church,—and that he did not make a speech at the little Colonization meeting in the Tabernacle two or three weeks since.

As to the latter point, the Day-Book did not say that he did, though the reports in the papers at the time left that impression on the mind. It is of no consequence whether he did or not. It is enough that he is here as one of "the delegation from Liberia" as Mayor Havemeyer calls them, and that he is put foward as one of the chief representatives of the Colonization cause.

As to his church-membership, it is enough to say that he was a member of the Baptist congregation, an attendant on the "the stated preaching of the Gospel," a contributor to its support from money gained in the slave-trade, and a son-in-law of the first pastor of the church. His general character and deportment were equal if not superior in morality and propriety to those of most actual communicants in the Liberian churches, and it was not unreasonable to infer that he availed himself of all the ordinances of his church.

But the public will be impressed with the fact that a prominent member of the Baptist denomination in Liberia was openly engaged in the slave-trade, was in the employ of Pedro Blanco in 1837, and that this businesss was freely tolerated in Liberia, without censure or question from anybody, *at the very time when Colonization agents in this country were demanding money from the deceived benevolent public, on the ground that the Colony of Liberia was the most efficient means for* THE SUPPRESSION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE!! All this is admitted; and if it were denied, it could be easily proved.

Another of "the delegation," Payne, states that *he* was not engaged in the slave-trade at any time, and was not at New Sesters in 1839. This is probably true, and he may be exonerated from this particular charge. But in correcting the Day-Book's error, why did he not go on and show that it was *his brother* that was in the employ of the slave-traders at New Sesters? This Mr. Paine's brother, a little younger than he, and very strongly resembling him in appearance, did, with the knowledge and approval of his relatives, engage as an auxiliary to the slave-trade, and was at New Sesters at the time specified. His mother's house was a regular stopping place for the Spanish and Portuguese slave-traders when they visited Monrovia, who were, in fact, the principal support of the family. If this Mr. Paine inherited or even received any money from his mother, he must have partaken of the profits of the slave-trade. The editor of the Day-Book not being sufficiently familiar with the initials of the two Paynes, had supposed for some years that the brother whom he knew at New Sesters was the person subsequently ordained as pastor. They were both very good young men, nephews of the pastor of the Baptist church; and most of the family were quite religious, according to the Liberian standard.

But now, will Mr. Payne, or any of the agents of the Colonization Society who know anything about facts, venture to say that church members in Liberia did *not* at that time freely aid and promote the slave-trade whenever they could obtain employment from the slave-traders? Will they pretend that it was considered immoral or improper to do so, or that there could have been any church-censure applied to a communicant who subsisted entirely upon money made by him in the slave-trade? There never was a word of censure uttered by any Liberian against those thus employed. The pastor of the Baptist church at that time, the Rev. Colin Teage, (uncle of Mr. Payne.) was employed, at the same time with John N. Lewis, to store cargoes for Pedro Blanco. *His* store-house was also a depot for the slave-traders, and he received plenty of money from Blanco without hesitation. There were dozens and scores of Liberian Christians actively and joyfully engaged in the slave-trade without any more compunction than they would have felt about the palm-oil trade.

It is a notorious fact in Africa that the colony of Liberia was for years an important auxiliary to the slave trade, and that the facilities and conveniences of the slavers were vastly increased by it. The Spanish and Portuguese slave traders were always heartily welcomed, and where the most popular men that ever visited Liberia. Their company was considered a great honor and favour; and all were eager for their notice.

It should be known too by the people of this country that the Liberian colonists themselves FREELY BOUGHT AND OWNED SLAVES at that time, and undoubtedly sold them to their Spanish and Portuguese visitors when then could get a good price in doubloons for them, especially in the starving times so often ocurring there. Of the latter point, however, the writer has no positive proof. Of the fact that the colonists (professed Christians) *bought and held slaves* without scruple, there can be no denial by any man of truth who has lived in Liberia and become familiar with the customs, morals and habits of the people there. The editor of the Day-Book was advised and strongly urged by a prominent and most respectable and religious Liberian, high in office, to purchase two slaves for his household, on account of the difficulty of retaining free natives for any considerable time in one steady employment.

So much for small matters. Next comes the turn of that pre-eminent villain Joe Roberts. But his distinguished claims to public notice require a much larger space than can be spared to-day. The Day-Book will make "a clean job" of every one of these fellows, though they are but dirty rascals. "The President of Liberia" (that is—of about 4,000 sickly half-starved negroes) Joseph J. Roberts, the pet and friend of Mayor Havemeyer, will be taken in hand on Monday and will be made the subject of as thorough an exposition as circumstances and the writer's capacity will admit.

From the New-York Da Book, July 15th.

COLONIZATION—ITS AGENTS AND THEIR DEFENCE AGAINST THE DAY-BOOK'S CHARGES.—The *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser* of last Friday contains a further communication from "J. B. Pinney,"—a creature who now stands convicted (without an attempt at defence) of having "obtained money on false pretenses" and of having committed another offence which by the laws of Massachusetts and some other States of the Union would have subjected him to imprisonment in the Penitentiary. The Day-Book has distinctly stated that those who know him well and who have long known him well, both in Africa and America have declared him to be a man falsely pretending to be a white man, have declared him the offspring of a negress, have asserted that he had been ignominiously detected and repulsed where he had attempted to pass himself upon the community as a white man. All these statements are LIBELOUS in the highest degree, *if not true*. Unless the editor of the Day-Book can *prove* them true in a Court of Justice, he is liable in very heavy damages in any libel-suit which may be instituted by J. B. Pinney or his representatives after death. "A libel is defined—a malicious publication, calculated to *blacken* the memory of one who is dead or the reputation of one who is alive and thereby exposing him to public hatred, contempt and ridicule. The Day-Book's publication concerning "J. B. Pinney" was not "calculated [by its author] to *blacken* his reputation" or himself, but to show how black he and his reputation really were.—and "thereby expose him to public contempt." The Day-Book now declares him to be an impostor, an inventor and propagator of falsehoods, a habitual "obtainer of money on false pretenses." These things also are libelous, if not *true*, exactly true. Why is not the editor of the Day-Book prosecuted for a libel? He is himself, at this moment a suitor in the Courts of this State against those who have libeled him, and he asks nothing in this respect, but that as he judges, so may he be judged, and as the law metes to those against whom he complains, so it may be, measured unto him again.

If "J. B. Pinney" excuses himself from litigation on the ground of the want of means,—surely, for the sake of the *cause*, many eminent and wealthy Colonizationists would gladly contribute money sufficient to maintain a suit in a case so very plain as this must be if the allegations are not true, or if being true they are not published "with good motives and for justifiable ends."

This creature, among other things hitherto noticed, publishes the following:

So too in regard to the assertion concerning Gov. Roberts, that he was "agent, employee and factor of Pedro Blanco, the greatest slave-trader on the coast. Roberts was employed to purchase vessels in Sierra Leone, to be used as slavers, after having been captured and condemned under the Portuguese flag."

The Governor in a written note, remarks—"Bacon accuses me of being employed in 1837 as the agent, employee and factor Pedro Blanco, the greatest slave-trader on the coast, and that I was employed by him, Blanco, to purchase vessels in Sierra Leone, to be used as slavers.'

"Now sir, to be short, I emphatically declare that I never saw or corresponded with Pedro Blanco in my life. I have never been employed at any time by him or any other slaver, either directly or indirectly, as an agent, employee or factor, or in any other way, during my residence in Africa."

A little while ago, this distinguished functionary was announced as *President* Roberts. It appears now that the agent of the Colonization Society, thinks that title "a little too strong" for the chief of about 4,000 unfortunate coloured men, occupying four or five scattered villages on the coast of Africa; and he now accordingly descends to the less imposing denomination of "Governor." Considering that the colonists are not equal in number to the population of the smallest county in this State, it may be thought advisable to bring him down two or three notches lower in the scale of titular dignity. "Chief," or "Squire," or "Supervisor" would abundantly answer all the requirements of his station "The Governor" (as J. B. Pinney calls him) or "the President," (as he calls himself) says "*Bacon* accuses me," &c. &c. Now there is something excessively presidential in this style of knocking "the handle" off from a man's name. A mere "Governor" would hardly take such a liberty. Applied to an ordinary white man by an ignorant, base-born Virginia mulatto, it must profoundly impress the public with the truth of the old proverbial sayings as to the inevitable certainty of "spoiling a nigger" by too much kind treatment.

He says that he never saw or corresponded with Pedro Blanco in his life. Undoubtedly true he never saw him. If by corresponding he means that he never wrote a letter to him, or received one from him, that may be true also. But there are other ways of corresponding than by writing. It is very evident that a letter from Pedro Blanco (who knew only the Spanish language) could not have been read by Joe Roberts, who knew no language but the English; and a letter from the latter would be equally unintelligible to the former. Their transactions therefore, must have been carried on through some medium, which "the Governor" does not suppose to be included under the term "correspondence." There were some very peculiar and forcible reasons why he never *saw* or corresponded with Pedro Blanco, who never visited any place on the whole coast except Galinhas, where was the centre of his business and where his power was irresistible. Joe Roberts could not risk himself at any such place or put himself within the power of Spaniards on that coast, on account of a certain affair in which he had been engaged several years previous to the time referred to, as will be hereafter explained. Still, these two worthies became necessary to each other's advantage, and found means to communicate and traffic without seeing each other, or writing letters.

"Now to be short,"—in the year 1837, Joseph J. Roberts (*alias* "Governor" Roberts, *alias* "President" Roberts, went from Monrovia (Liberia) to Sierra Leone, and there, without money or credit of his own, bought a large schooner which had been captured from the slavetraders by the British cruisers and condemned by the Mixed Commission Court as a slaver, pursuant to which condemnation the vessel was sold at auction, according to the provisions of the British treaties for the suppression of the Slave Trade. This same Roberts went to Sierra Leone in company with John N. Lewis, (now Secretary of the Colony, and now in this city as one of "the delegation from Liberia") who, it is confessed, was an agent employee and store-keeper of Pedro Blanco. The purchased slave schooner was christened by the nominal purchaser, by the hopeful appellation of the "MONROVIA" out of compliment to the chief village of that Colony, which was founded and supported by the amiable Colonizationists of the United States for the purpose (among others) of suppressing the Slave Trade. The Monrovia lay at anchor in the road-stead of Monrovia for a few weeks, entirely unemployed and utterly useless to the seeming owner, who had neither business sufficient to employ a vessel of that size, nor the capital nor the credit to make business of such an amount. He never possessed in his life money enough to buy the half of such a vessel nor merchandise enough to fill the half.

But the Monrovia did not lie idle very long.—About the beginning of July, the brig Ivanhoe, brought from Galinhas to Monrovia, T. Rodriguez Buron, heretofere described as the principal factor and agent of Pedro Blanco. Establishing himself in the house and in the store-house of John N. Lewis, he soon took possession of the schooner "Monrovia," also, with very little ceremony, and sent her off to Galinhas, whence she was almost immediately sent to Havana, crowded with miserable slaves destined to be worked and whipped to death on the sugar plantations of Cuba. Of course, to spare the feelings of the Colonizationists and other "friends of the slave" and enemies of Slavery and the Slave Trade, the beautiful but inappropriate name of "the Monrovia" was taken from the schooner when she was taken from the keeping of her nominal owner into the service of her real owner. Of course "the Governor" or "the President" of Liberia will say that he sold the Monrovia to T. R. Buron. Undoubtedly, that was the form of the transaction. Senor Buron himself told the writer of this article that *he* had "bought her." But the young Senor was no more able to buy such a vessel for himself than "the Governor" was. He was merely Blanco's factor, agent, and representative; so that there was no danger that the writer would misunderstand him. Senor Buron did not generally make the writer his particular confidant in regard to his transactions at Monrovia with Joseph J. Roberts and John N. Lewis, though his business with the latter was no secret. It happened that the captain of the brig Ivanhoe (of which T, R. Buron was acting supercargo at that time) was violently attacked with the African fever on board of his vessel then at anchor in the "port of Monrovia," and the writer, of course, was called to attend him professionally, which he did, taking along Senor Buron with him in his boat. After attending to the sick man and leaving the brig to return to the village, the writer was requested by Senor Buron to order the boat's crew to pull alongside of the schooner "Monrovia," which lay not far off, as he wished to give some directions to the captain (a mulatto Liberian named Cooper) and to reprove him for the negligent manner in which the rigging of the vessel was left. The writer readily complied without exactly understanding the relations of his Spanish companion to the Liberian vessel, and the latter probably noticing the surprise involuntarily manifested, at once said in explanation—"She is mine"—"Indeed!",—"Yes,—I have bought her." As soon as the boat came within hailing distance, the Senor gave his orders to the captain, accompanied with some sharp rebuke for his carelessness, all which was humbly taken by the Liberian, and the orders were submissivoly obeyed. This was the first occasion on which the writer knew that the transfer of the vessel from Roberts to Blanco had actually taken place, though it was afterwards familiarly known in the colony, and talked of without a word of censure from anybody.

It will be seen what eminent services were in this way rendered to the slave traders by such men as "Governor" Roberts, and what peculiar facilities for carrying on the slave trade were furnished by the Colony of Liberia. When the captured slave vessels were sold in Sierra Leone, always at a bargain, the Spaniards themselves could not go there to bid for them. Neither could Blanco's English agent at Sierra Leone do it without detection in an offence punishable by the British Laws. But he could furnish the money to pay for them when "Governor" Roberts became the nominal purchaser. The vessels could then leave Sierra Leone under American or "Liberian colours" and could be quietly transferred to the real purchaser in a place (then) under the jurisdiction of the American Colonization Society without rendering any body liable to punishment or even to exposure under ordinary circumstances.

This one instance is enough to show the relations of "Governor" Roberts to the Slave Trade. When he has made his answer to this distinct, specific, and detailed charge, it will be time to look farther into his commercial history, and to expose more completly the dishonesty of the pretensions of the Colonizationists in declaring that the Colony operates for the suppression or discouragement of the Slave Trade.

There is a little mystery remaining to be cleared up. It must seem strange to careful readers that "Governor" Roberts alone, of all the commercial men of Liberia, should be so situated as not to be able to visit the slave factories, and carry on his business directly with them. This will be explained to-morrow. The Governor knows already what that is; and so do those readers of the the Day-Book who carefully perused all the African sketches published in this paper in March and February last.

From the New York Day Book July 20.

COGNOVIT.—The Colonizationists (and colonists) make no answer yet to the many charges brought by the *Day-Book* against them,—charges, which, if not met, "must be taken as confessed," and are wholly destructive of the pretensions of their enterprise as a scheme of benevolence or even of policy.

But they have, through their hired agent and "creature" here,—for whose declarations they are responsible while they continue to pay and recognize him, announced that they have something, hitherto witheld, to allege against the character or qualifications of the person who brings these overwhelming charges against them and the subjects and instruments of Colonization. What this is—nobody can even conjecture. It has been only vaguely hinted at and threatened, under the all-meaning expression—"More of this if wanted." Now "more of this *is* wanted." The public want it. The editor of the *Day Book* wants it; and he renews his challenge to the officers and friends of the Colonization society to make this threat good and make their charges public through the press and warns them not to resort to whispered calumny and secret depreciation of one whom they dare not face with an open reply. If no other newspaper will print what they wish to say, through fear of a libel-suit or other personal consequences, let them send it with responsible names, or bring it without any name, to the office of the *Day-Book* and it shall be published in this paper at four hours' notice, without the cancellation of a word or the abatement of an iota.

If they do not reply to this by some counter-allegation or some substantial disqualification of the witness who had volunteered his testimony against them, they must stand before the public as willful deceivers and cheats, as "obtaining money on false pretenses," as aiding and abetting and endorsing their Liberian *proteges* in their various offences against law and morality. In the meantime, to everything which they may privately utter in attempted disparagement of this distinct testimony let every reader of the *Day-Book* reply by asking why they do not *publish* their allegations or bring them in some way under the notice or within the knowledge of the person thus secretly attacked. Any person hearing any such allegation whether he believes it or not, will confer a great favour on the editor of the *Day-Book* by giving him an opportunity to know and answer it. Whoever is detected in any back biting of this kind will be published as a calumniator until he defends his assertions or gives his authority.

They and all persons interested are again offered the most ample scope of investigation into the writer's life and conduct in Liberia and in any part of Africa or Europe or America. There is no transaction which he wishes to exclude from their revision. There is no confidence which he does not authorize any person to break with him, for the purpose of making this examination complete and testing his character decisively.

Again, they and their creatures are reminded that "the law is open" to them, and that the law of libel is stringent enough to meet any case of false accusation. If they have anything to say, "Let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

From the London Spectator.

THE SUGAR AND COFFEE REPORT.

The Select Committee has ranged over every country producing tea and coffee "from China to Peru;" it has worked for three months, from ten in the morning to five in the evening; it has taken a mass of evidence which makes a huge folio; and the offspring of this mountain of labour is only ridiculous for its littleness and in consequence. To be quite plain—the most remarkable thing about the report is the absence of all that it ought to contain.

The object of inquiry was "the present condition and prospects of the interests connected with, and dependent on, sugar and coffee planting "in the East and West India Colonies. This is pretty comprehensive, and nearly the same thing as if we were to say of an inquiry in this country "the present condition and prospects connected with the growing of wheat and the rearing and fattening of cattle." Notwithstanding, there is not a word about coffee in the report; and the interests connected with the planting of coffee in Ceylon and Jamaica may, at this moment, be as flourishing as those of Cuba and Brazil, for aught the report tells us to the country.

There is not one word in the report about soil or climate, fertility or sterility. The sugar and coffee producing countries extend from the thirtieth degree of north latitude to the twentieth degree of south, but the report jumbles all of them together. The poor soil and scanty rains of Antigua are not distinguished from the rich alluvial soil and abundant rain of Guiana.

The report makes no allusion whatever to the state of agriculture, or to manufacturing processes, although the first is said to be very bad, and the last very imperfect. It makes no reference to expenditure or taxation, although the one is enormous and the other injudicious; and both bringing the colonies to the verge of bankruptcy. Some of the colonies are governed by the Crown, some by the East India company, and some have representative Governments. No allusion is made to the management or mismanagement of any one of these forms of administration. The colonies have complained of the Navigation Laws as oppressive to them, and they are not touched upon. So much for a few of the shortcomings of the report.

It is stated by the committee "great distress prevails among all who are interested in the production of sugar," The "all," in the language of the committee, does not mean, as in ordinary English, "the whole." It means only the minority, that is, the proprietors, capitalists, and mortgagees. The labouring majority are not only in no distress, but flourishing, even by the account rendered by the report itself. In the two most fertile and flourishing colonies they have the command of the labour market, and refuse to reduce their wages, after the fall of the price of sugar. Even where wages have been reduced, no distress is as much as pretended.

The third resolution of the committee states that slave "emancipation was carried into effect [fifteen years ago!] without sufficient provision having been made for providing many of the colonies with an adequate supply of free labour, and that, consequently, the rate of wages has been very high, and the cost of production unduly enhanced."

Now these are very reckless and very foolish assertions. Where are the "many colonies" that have not been adequately supplied with free labour, and in which wages are "very high?" Bengal, which never had slaves, which is overcrowded with inhabitants, and whose wages are at 2d. a-day, is certainly not one. The Mauritius, which has had an unstinted supply of free labour ever since emancipation, which has since then, more than doubled its population, and which has at present some 200 inhabitants to the square mile, cannot possibly be one.

Perhaps we may find some of the "many colonies" in the West. Barbadoes, with 700 inhabitants to the square mile, and wages at 6d. a-day, is certainly not one. What it wants is not immigration, but emigration. Grenada with 150, St. Vincents with 200, and Antigua with 350 inhabitants to the square mile, wages at from 6d. to 8d. a-day, and task work done more cheaply in all three than gang labour under the slave system, must not be reckoned among the "many colonies" that the committee speaks of. The same remark will apply to every other island of the small Antilles.

We hardly think that Jamaica itself can be considered one of the "many colonies." Its population, without reference to its inferior fertility, is four-fold as dense as that of Cuba, and the wages of labour do not generally average above 1s. a-day. Now admitting, for argument's sake, and surely it is admitting enough, that the labour of one negro under the lash is equal in amount to that of two free negroes, it must follow that the virtual price of slave labour in Cuba must be under 2s. a-day to give cheaper labour in Cuba than in Jamaica. But no one can believe that the prime cost, maintainance, and wear and tear of a slave, can cost so little as 2s. a-day, and the certainty, therefore, must be that wages are really lower in Jamaica than in Cuba. The true cause of the superiority of Cuba over Jamaica is the fertility of its soil, which, with the same quantity of labour, produces a great deal more sugar; just as an acre in Essex, with the same outlay, produces more bushels of wheat than an acre in Cumberland. If the slaves of Cuba were emancipated to-morrow, public order being preserved as in Jamaica, it would beat Jamaica with free labour just as it does with servile.

It will of course not be forgotten that the distress of the British planters is universal, and that it is by no means confined to sugar and coffee, but extends to the producers of other articles, such as indigo, that were never protected. It is great in Bengal, where population is redundant,—great in the Mauritius, which is abundantly supplied with labour,—great in Barbadoes, with wages at sixpence—,great in Jamaica with wages at a shilling,—and great, but somewhat less than in any one of these, in Trinidad and Guiana, with wages at 1s. 6d. In the name of reason, then, what has a supply of labour to do with the matter, in so far as "many of the colonies" are concerned,—indeed, for that matter, as far as any one of them is concerned?

Another postulate of the committee is curious for its intrepidity, and will come on the intelligent part of the public as quite a surprise, "that the British possessions have capabilities for the supply of sugar far exceeding the probable consumption of the United Kingdom." The committee further assures us that the supply, "far exceeding the consumption," is to be furnished, in due time, in fair competition with foreigners, and without any permanent protection.

The greatest quantity of sugar that the British slave possessions ever produced with Slavery, and in complete possession of the monopoly, which was equal to a bounty of 25s. on every cwt. of sugar was 3,800,000 cwts. This was not a supply at the fair and honest cost of production, but a starvation supply at a monopoly price. In 1846 the quantity, with the assistance of the East Indies, a small supply of foreign sugar, and a reduction of duties, was raised to 4,800,000 of cwts. Still there was a bounty of some 20s. a cwt. In 1847, the first year of effectual relaxation, the consumption rose to some half million of cwts. more, and last year to near one million more. Thus, in two short years' time, years of distress too, we had augmented our consumption by near a million of cwts., and increased it by more than "one half" beyond all that the slave colonies ever could raise, under the stimulus of an enormous bounty. How that is to be accomplished without any bounty which could not be brought about with a great bounty, is quite beyond our comprehension.

There is another dictum of the committee, one part of which, at least, is equally without foundation. Sugar estates, it says, have been abandoned, and more are likely to be abandoned, the first effect of which will be diminished supply and increased price, and the ultimate one, extended culture in foreign colonies and increase of Slavery. Now the first effects alluded to had actually taken place before the committee had indited its resolution. Prices had fallen, not risen. The committee itself had stated the fact in one of its previous resolutions—had argued on its effects; but had already forgotten what it had just written. As to our eating cheap slave sugar, we have really nothing to say in extenuation beyond what we might plead, in the present state of the world, for wearing cheap slave shirts, or putting 4,000,000*l.* a year into the public Exchequer by the instrumentality of cheap slave tobacco.

The sole remedy proposed by the committee for all the evils of the British colonies is what we stated in a former article, a virtual tax on the British consumer of Sugar, which during its six years' duration would amount to 18,000,000*l.*, and a further demand on the Treasury which would come to about 6,000,000*l.* more, making, between them, a sum exceeding by one-fifth the original grant for emancipation.

The present mode of levying the sugar duty is complained of by the committee, without stating wherein it is onerous or defective, or pointing out a better. Vagrancy, squatting, and illegal occupation of land, are spoken of; and here, too, no remedy is indicated, the West Indies being in fact described as too prostrate to stir hand or foot to help themselves in such matters. The necessity of a cheap supply of labour is vaguely shadowed forth through the report; but where it would be useful, where it would be hurtful, or where it is to come from, is not even alluded to. Cold water, indeed, would seem to be thrown upon it altogether by an assertion of the committee "that the distress to which the planters are now reduced is such as to preclude the possibility of any outlay on their parts for the reception, still less for the payment or maintenance, however short the contracts, of any immigrants placed by the Government within their reach." The Government, it would seem from this, may save itself the trouble and expense of bringing labourers from the Kroo and Gold Coasts, unless after arrival they also feed them, clothe them, and pay their wages.

And the panacea for all this is a 10*s.* discriminating duty, which in half a dozen years is to accomplish all that twice as much, and more failed to accomplish in fifty. If the committee had recommended to every planter to tie a bit of scarlet worsted thread round the great toe of his right foot, the remedy would have been as effectual and unquestionably less mischievous.

Free Soil Meeting in the Park.

A large meeting of the Barnburners was held on Tuesday afternoon of last week in the Park. The utmost enthusiasm and unanimity prevailed in the crowd that was gathered there, and it is a note-worthy fact that more attention and respect was paid to the speakers, and less fighting was going on than at any other political meeting that has been held in this city this summer.—We copy the Resolutions, and the Globe's report of the speech of the Hon. Martin Grover, which was the principal onemade on the occasion.

Resolved, That persistance in error can never invest it with the sanctions of truth; and that however pertinaciously adhered to is the assertion of a division among the Democracy of New York, and whatever the secret comfort thence extracted by its authors, yet a proper deference to the opinion induces us to declare our continuing integrity and union as a party. Whether we revert to the period when the Democratic masses banned the factious few, who clamoured at Albany for State expenditure and debt, or to that more recent time, when, at the cry raised by the same conspirators at Syracuse for spoils and bondage, the public voice swelled into anathemas against them; whether we view them treacherous to the people of their own State, or obsequious to the rulers of slave in others, under all circumstances and at all times, are they the same unscrupulous, selfish, impotent faction. At the sources of emolument and office, where we found them we leave them. Our path is that of the Democracy.

Resolved, That while we regard all constituents as principals, and their representatives as mere agents, we yet subscribe to the doctrines which requires the former to conform and to carry out the regular authorized decisions of the latter. But that the free citizens shall be obedient to a voice not commissioned by them, or subservient to the dictation of those delegated by no authority of theirs, is a proposition too preposterous to be entertained. The Convention assembled at Baltimore on the 22d day of May last determined that the voice of New York should not be heard in its councils. It has therefore spoken to us in unknown tongues, which we cannot understand, nor will heed. Its power to disfranchise New York was no greater than its power to enfranchise South Carolina; and neither was included within its delegated trusts. The voice of one State suppressed, and that of another counterfeited, deranged the whole action into a fraud upon the whole States, and is therefore obligatory upon none.

Resolved, That the Democratic party of this city has been revived by the action of the late Utica Convention; partaking of the enthusiasm which characterized its proceedings, we shall imitate its energy and aspire to its resolution. To all its acts we extend the esteem which accompanies the assertion of truth and the performance of duty; but our gratitude is bestowed for their nomination to the Presidency of Martin Van Buren. The leader of his party when struggling for its distinctive principles; its faithful standard bearer when in power; the calm and sagacious counsellor when in his retirement; by his noble efforts for Free Soil, for the perservation of the Territory of the Union from the inroad of Slavery—he has given new proofs of wisdom and statesmanship, of exalted love of country and of true sympathy with the rights and the interests of humanity, and has thus established himself in the great heart of the American Democracy.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the conviction that our exertions will be instrumental to the favourable decision of the great question of Freedom now pending before the People; that, in our judgment, "Congress has the power under the Constitution, to legislate for the Territory of the United States, to organize Governments for the inhabitants residing in such Territory, and to regulate within it all matters of local or domestic concern;" that it is now asked of us whether such power shall be exerted for the extension of Slavery or the advancement of Freedom—and we reply that so far as depends on us, the thousand million of acres of Oregon, and the districts recently added in New Mexico and Upper California, embracing ten degrees of latitude and extending through a salubrious climate, 100 miles between the Pacific and the Rio Grande, shall ever be and remain the exclusive abode of Free Labour and Free Men.

Resolved, That our sympathy for the "peculiar institution" of the South is not greater than seems to be that of its champion for the truths pronounced self-evident by the Declaration of Independence; and that if it comports with Southern patriotism to dismiss to repose, with captious criticism, the equal rights of mankind, we more sober-minded, may at least be permitted to doubt the justice of that doom. We accord to that "institution" just that degree of respect which recognition by our Federal Constitution requires. Under the solemn sanctions of that venerated instrument, let it rest; under the exclusive care of the States in which it exists, let it stand or fall, let it flourish or expire. Free Soil is the heritage of the North, and our efforts are directed to its transmission to all civilized races in all those parts of our territory which are now blessed and honored by its presence.

Resolved, That we are uncompromisingly opposed to any "compromise," which, instead of confining slavery within narrower limits, shall restrict the bounds of freedom; that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution, to abolish freedom in any part of the public domain for the purpose of planting Slavery therein; and that such an enactment by the present Congress elected, for no such purpose, would be an act of usurpation and a breach of duty too gross to be forgiven, and too shameful to be submitted to by a free people.

Resolved, That the lash has resounded through the halls of the Capitol, and we are therefore prepared for the vote on which Northern Senators shall unite with their "Southern brethern" in consigning an empire of free territory to the dominion of the slaveholder; that revolting as must be the ceremony which introduces by the baptism of a "compromise" 250,000 square miles of our newly-acquired possessions into the communion of Slavery, there needed to perfect its harmony but the presence among the sponsors of a Dickinson and Bright, of whom, if the latter in his recusancy to Indiana, is recommended to her compassion by the necessities which constrain the possession of slaves, the former by "almost wishing to have been born in Virginia," inspires in the breasts of the millions whom he misrepresents and dishonours, a proportionate desire for his translation to some more congenial clime.

Resolved, That we denounce in advance all projected compromises or surrenders of the vital principle of Freedom, regardless of their origin, their object, or their extent; that in the anticipated defection of the Senate, we place our reliance on the other branch of Congress; but should the hope of favour, the fear of punishment, or the schemes of political ambition, accomplish the enactment of a law for the extension of Slavery over a single square mile of territory now Free, we hereby pledge ourselves immediately to enter on the task of its repeal, and unceasingly to labour for the accomplishment of this object.

Resolved, That we regard the vacant lands which are possessed, or may be hereafter acquired by the United States, as a sacred trust for those who are to occupy them and to subdue them to the uses of civilization; to be disposed of to actual settlers in moderate quantities on terms which shall barely remunerate the Government for the expenses of the trust; that we are irreconcilably opposed to the monopoly of them by capitalists holding them in large masses, and cultivating them by slaves bought and sold with the land! that we regard it as the inevitable effect of such a system to exclude from the public domain our own descendants, and the industrious and hardy emigrants who may seek here a refuge from want and oppression in their native land.

Resolved, That much as we admire the military exploits, and honour the personal character of Gen. Zachary Taylor, we cannot find in him the knowledge, the experience, or the principles demanded at a juncture like the present, in the Chief Magistrate of this Republic; and we especially regret that his eminent services, as a successful captain, with his position as a slaveholder, and his studied reserve on the great question of the day, should have consigned him to the use of the slave interest. That we perceive still less in Gen. Lewis Cass to warrant his aspirations to the same distinguished station. The friend of Free Territory at a time when his friendship was unavailing—then the subject of a gradual and mysterious mental change, simultaneously productive of his descent to the advocacy of Slavery, and his elevation into a successful candidate with the Baltimore Convention for the Presidency, we think him the fit representative of that assembly, and repudiate both alike. From a candidate, however worthy in himself, or meritorious by his military services, who confesses his ignorance on all past political questions, and gives no opinion on the sole question now of pressing interest; and from one who has adopted the test prescribed by the slave power, we turn with increased pride and pleasure to the nominee of our own State, whose principles, thoroughly established by his own matured reflections, and explicitly avowed to his countrymen, entitle him to receive, and justify them in bestowing their intelligent and cordial suffrages for most important trust in the civilized world.

Resolved, That as we have brilliantly triumphed in a war undertaken in defence of national honour, we are grateful for the return of a peace which brings with it national security, indemnity, and repose. We sympathize with those who have to mourm the memory of kindred fallen on the stricken field, and welcome back to joyous homes and ardent hearts, the heroic band who, surviving the conflict, have returned to wear in peaceful shades their honours and their glory. But, admonished by the cost, in treasure and in blood, of the war which has just closed, of the priceless blessing of honourable peace, we find additional arguments for avoiding the establishment of an institution in New Mexico and California, which will expose us to the risk of renewed quarrels with our late enemy, and to the temptation of farther acquisition from her territory.

Resolved, That the interest of commerce is not confined to the borders of the ocean alone, but extends its ramifications through all the veins and arteries of our great inland seas and rivers, and therefore it is the duty of the General Government to make a wise distinction between objects of general and national interest, and those of mere local importance, and to afford to the former that fostering care and protection which the merits of each case, separately considered, as suggested by the wise and honest-minded Silas Wright, shall seem to demand.

Resolved, That we look with great interest to the approaching Free Soil Convention proposed to be held at Buffalo on the 9th of August; that we hope our Democratic friends in this and other States, who unite with us in the wish and the will to preserve for freemen, in all coming generations, the heritage of freedom with which this Republic has been entrusted, will be represented in such Convention: and we trust that the wisdom and patriotism of those who shall compose it, may guide them to the adoption of measures which shall promote the advance, and secure the triumph of the great principle involved in the present momentous struggle.

HON. MARTIN GROVER, of Allegany Co., was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them for more than an hour, in substance as follows: "We have convened to consider a great question in the history of our country—a question of more importance than any which has been brought up within the last half century. The year 1848 will be hereafter memorable in the history of the world, as the date of its introduction. Let us take a reminiscence of our political history for four years past. In 1844 the Democratic party of our country were united and irresistable on certain great principles—among them, the Independent Treasury, which has since been established, and others, some of which are likewise on our statue books. At the Baltimore Convention where these principles were inscribed on the Democratic banner, a resolution was passed for the annexation of Texas, and the re-occupation of Oregon. These questions were placed side by side by Democrats; and although differences existed in regard to the mode by which Texas was to be brought in, yet, in the end, the entire Democracy of the country were agreed that this should be done as soon as could be consistent with the general welfare. They entered the contest with these principles and were invincible; the candidates of the party were installed in the highest places of the nation.

Before the inauguration of the President of the United States, measures were adopted in Congress for the annexation of Texas, and for establishing a Territorial Government in Oregon. Texas was not yet virtually annexed; this was, however, the favourite measure of the South, as the occupation of Oregon was the favourite measure of the North. Oregon was Northern Territory and Free Soil, and it was so regarded by all parts of the country. In February, 1845, a bill was introduced into the House of Representatives to establish a Territorial Government in Oregon, acknowledging the rights of British settlers, until the joint occupancy might be terminated. When the bill was introduced, the Northern members made a proposition to include in it the Jeffersonian ordinance, which should exclude Slavery forever from the Territory. Six Southern members—three from Maryland and three from Kentucky—and the entire North, East and West, with four exceptions, voted in favour of it. Its introduction created no excitement, the South raised no constitutional objection, and it passed by 131 to 69, which was almost enough to override an Executive veto. When the bill came up with this clause, (which the South now denounces as unconstitutional,) only 31 members recorded their votes against it. Even South Carolina was not hostile, and Mr. Calhoun himself gave it his support. It was universally acceded to, that Oregon would be free.

This was the position of things when the Southern men stole a march on us. They got the Texas resolutions through, but when this was done a change came over the spirit of their dream. By the annexation of Texas they determined to extend Slavery North of 36 deg. 30 min.—Texas, when these resolutions were passed was annexed, so far as our Government was concerned. Before the question was decided, or an attempt made at negotiation with Mexico, our navy was in the Gulf, and our troops at Corpus Christi, to be pushed on to the Rio Grande at the expense of a war with Mexico, while the whole strength of the nation was called in to protect the newly acquired Southern territory. Now, in relation to the other territory, there is also a dispute in the case. We are told that our title is indisputable as far as 54 deg. 40 min,. Do they send an army there to enforce our right? Is our navy ordered to the Pacific? Instead of this, negotiation is entered upon; negotiation will do for Northern Territory. If Southern territory is in dispute, our plan is to fight first and negotiate afterwards. [Laughter and cheers.] They came to a conclusion; but instead of holding out for this "right," they slid down to 49 degress. [Cheers.] We see thus how Northern territory is treated, in comparison with Southern. In all this, the Northern people are calm. They don't talk about resolutions. They say: "you got rid of five degrees of territory, we hope you'll let us have a government for the rest!" [Cheers]

Congress entered on the task; but when the bill came up, although we had resolved to fight up to the last barrier for Southern territory, here there was some "Constitutional objection." [Laughter] If Mr. Dickinson was right in the first instance, he cheated, me then. I thought we'd get peace for freedom. It is amazing now to hear them say with so much coolness: "We've nothing at all to do with that!" After this talk of establishing a territorial Government, the bill was introduced and this blessed Jeffersonian ordinance was put in. Then began the constitutional spasms. [Laughter.] The first symptoms of the disease appeared among Southern men—the Northern members had'nt caught it yet. Even Mr. Cass said the white men were to have this soil, and our Senator, Mr. Dickinson, talked very stoutly about it. I thought that all was right. They roared to us as gently as sucking doves. [Laughter.] They wanted to amend this Jeffersonian ordinance. I thought the work of "old Tom" could'nt be amended. But Mr. Burt, of South Carolina, was in favour of throwing this aside, and this because—what do you think?—because it's North of 36 30. [Cheers.] They cheated us once, and wanted to cheat us again. We thought we'd leave it as Jefferson left it. [Cheers.] The venerable chair man of this meeting can tell you that about 1800, when the question of Democracy was decided here, in this very city, in favour of Jefferson, that circumstance gave nerve to the change. He (Jefferson) thought that the child of the present generation ought to have a chance to labour, without being degraded by competition with black bondmen. He replied on the great mass of freemen in the country to support republican institutions. The Northern men stood well then in the support of freedom.

Now here was Oregon wanting a territorial Government. They began by referring the bill to a Southern Committee, the Chairman of which struck out the free clause and inserted another, establishing Slavery there. They didn't care a cent about Oregon. They began to say, "Now we're ready to give you Oregon; but here are California and New Mexico, which we must have. We want a market for our negroes." They had worn out their soil by Slavery, and the price of negroes has diminished; they desired to establish a renewal of the trade. They thought, in horse-jockey style, to claim all, and after a while make a compromise with California.

I have pursued the history thus far—and have not done with it yet. About this time they began to have constitutional qualms. They say, if you don't quit talking about Freedom, you'll destroy Democracy! [Laughter and cheers.] Great Heaven, I thought Freedom and Democracy were the same thing! [Cheers.] But I was taught Democracy in the Jeffersonian school, and I took my lessons under one Tompkins. [Cheers.] It sounded strange when they told me to bow the knee to the great Baal of Slavery. They told us we had'nt learned right—that we didn't understand it. We said, if that was the thing we were to worship Party might take care of itself. If they would hitch the cars of Slavery and Democracy, side by side on the same track, with the cars of Slavery a little ahead, [laughter and cheers] they must take care of themselves. I discovered another thing—that the South would'nt vote for a man for President, who did not favour *their* Democracy. Gen. Cass who has since got the nomination for President, was a hero; yet he was in favour of Freedom.

Dickinson began to think may be it was going a little too fast, and Croswell growled a little. We be[illegible] to find in the House that some of the troops were getting sick. When you began to ask for men, they were not there—they *dodged*. [Laughter and cheers.] Well, we got it through the House by ten majority, and soon after we could hear the echos coming up from New York and the other free States. What do you think they did in the Senate—these men who begged of the New York Democracy not to have any sectional differences? What did they say in behalf of Freedom? Not a word. I began to inquire why they could not vote. Don't you see that the South will vote for no free Northern candidate? Just as soon as they can see that there is spirit in New York—that the old leaven of Tompkins is still at work—that the spirit of Jefferson is yet alive—that Martin Van Buren is with us [loud cheers]—then there is sectional feeling. We must throw the fathers of Democracy overboard—must unchurch them as the Baltimore Convention unchurched your own churches in May last. I saw the other day, in a paper called the Union, an article blaming me for my course. The editor said, if one King, and two or three others, didn't quit, they'd break down the Union. This we intend to do—we are going to break down the Union—but it will be "The Union" of Thomas Ritchie.

Last year the question was passed over. This winter a bill was brought up to give a territorial Government to Oregon, and afford relief to the settlers, who had been attacked by the Indians. And now Cass, Allen, Houston, and the whole tail of the kite, abandoned their duty as Senators, to run up here, whining about a "sectional party." The North has been patient all this time, and the blood of our butchered brethern cries for vengeance. What are they now doing in the Senate? I blush for my state when I think that to-day, probably, one claiming to be a Senator from New York, but who, from his own words, is more properly a Senator from Virginia, is bargaining to give up the blood bought territory of his country to extend the market and increase the profits of the owners of Southern negroes. [Cheers.]

You have seen how these men have changed, and I call your attention to the speech of Mr. Dickinson made last winter. After he found on what conditions the Southern vote for President was to be had, he turned to the other side of the plank. Neither would do, so they tipped it up edgewise. (Laughter.) Professing to revere the sacred regulations of the Constitution, they stand on the sharp edge of the plank, and desire to establish Slavery in the North. They would leave it to the people of the territories to decide. If called upon to explain this plan, they would be in as bad a fix as was Cass at Cleveland. These people will get up a great excitement as to whether Cass broke his sword in two or three places, or how many inhabitans the West had at the time of his emigration. It is amusing to read these things in the Hunker papers. It may all be well enough in its way; but when the question is whether White Men and Free Labour are to be established in the territories, such trifling is out of place.

Although they made so much noise in Cleveland that he could not be heard, they can all read his letter to Nicholson. I tell you, in connection with this, that Silas Wright was sacrificed to the Moloch of Slavery. When the question was brought up in Washington, Silas Wright was there, and said "Aye!" for Freedom every time.—[Loud Ceeers.] There was a rattling among the dry bones of Slavery then! They saw there was no way but to cry out as the wicked multitude once did before "Crucify him! crucify him!" The order was given, and Silas Wright was the first victim to Slavery. Let this be remembered! As an intelligent Irishman had lately said—"remember it till November, and then put it till 'em!" [Loud cheers] When it becomes necessary for Slavery to invade New York, they well tremble. If you love the memory of Wright, then remember it till November, and then give them a receipt in full. [Enthusiastic cheering.]

No word is said in the Senate. Their heads are in Delilah's lap; their locks are shorn! But our own locks shorn? Let us do as Sampson did, when bound with green withes. They say we are working for revenge I'd like to know what we are angry about.—[Laughter.] They murder Silas Wright, they kick our Delegates out of the Convention; and then mistrust we're mad! [Great sensation.] Northern people won't be kicked more than four or five times without looking round and making inquiry. We don't fly into a passion at the first blow, and say we're going to dissolve the Union. [Cheers.] They say Van Buren is mad. I don't know whether he is or not, I don't see him, but his friends are the best natured people I know. [Cheers.] I would as soon depend on the promise of the South to make a Northern man President, as take a note of the Canal Bank of Albany, though it were endorsed with Croswell's name. Every sensible man in the South will vote for Taylor, and I honor them for it. I want to make Democracy and Freedom synonymous; for they have let the banner of Jefferson trail on the earth till the dust is so thick upon it that you cannot read the old inscriptions.

Mr. G. then referred to the dissatisfaction in the Whig ranks, and believed that Southern men, fearful of being cheated in Fillmore, would cast their votes for Taylor and Butler. (About this time a party of from twenty to thirty Hunkers, of which Mike Walsh appeared to be the head, commenced shouting among the audience, but their cheers for Cass met with no response. A man forced his way in front of the stand, and cried out: "You are disseminating principles among us that we cannot assent to.") The speaker continued without noticing the interruption.

The Hunkers having pressed their way to the City Hall steps, Mike Walsh cried out, "Are you ready to argue this question with me?" Notwithstanding the tumult and disturbance they occasioned, Mr. Grover continued speaking on the questions at issue. He ventured the prediction that four years will be sufficient to achieve our independence from Southern dictation and Southern power. [Tremendous cheering.] He closed by saying that it was the first time he had spoken in New York, but he had good news from the country; all was right there, not even enough of Cassism being left to swear by. (Laughter.) The speaker concluded amid loud cheers for Van Buren.

General Taylor on the Slave Question.—A great deal has been said about the proper interpretation to be given to General Taylor's answer to what is known as the "Signal Letter." Upon that subject, the *Independent Monitor* (published at Tuscaloosa, Albama) says:

"At any rate, we have in our possession an original private letter, in manuscript, written by General Taylor seven months and a half ago, in reply to a specific question on this very point, in which he states that *it was not his intention to intimate his concurrence with, nor opposition to any of the views of the Editor of the Signal*; that the '*Signal* Letter' was not Written for publication; and that, under the impression that it would not go beyond the person addressed, it was written without that critical attention to the terms employed which politicians appear so much to require. He replied, he says, to the Editor only as a matter of courtesy; and, as is always his custom, he signified his respect for opinions honestly entertained, and his approbation of the course of a man who manfully defends what he sincerely believes.

"This letter, which lies before us, we are not at liberty to publish in full; but when we see efforts making to produce the most injurious impressions in regard to its distinguished author, we should be recreant both to truth and to duty if we did not, on our own responsibility, make use of the means in our possession at least so far as may be necessary to correct the misrepresentations."

The Pine Distemper.—The *Mobile Herald* says that the disease which is destroying the Pine forests of the Carolinas has made its appearance in Baldwin co. It exhibits some singular phenomena. Occasionally proceeds in a straight line, destroying not only the full grown trees, but the small shoots just springing up. Then again it goes into circles, leaving trees in the intermediate spaces sound and vigorous. The trees die just as though they had been girdled. The leaves wither and fall off and the trunk soon runs to decay. Our informant does not attribute the cause of this strange distemper to worms. The only worm seen about it is the common one peculiar to the pine tree. His impression is that the cause is entirely an atmospheric one, and that no remedy can be found it. Vegetable, like animal life, appears to be the subject ofexpidemics, and doubtless this disease is of that nature. In all probability it will swe through thee udre pine region of the Uun ited States.

The Washington Slave Case.—The trial of the three persons charged with aiding the slaves found on board the schooner Pearl to make their escape, has been postponed. Hon. Mr. Mann, who succeeded the late John Quincy Adams as a Representative in Congress from the State of Massachusetts, was admitted as an attorney and counsellor at the Criminal Court, with the purpose, we are informed, of aiding in the defense of the three persons above alluded to. Three hundred and thirty indictments have been preferred by the Grand Jury of Washington against Drayton, Sayres and English, the men found in charge of schooner Pearl, in which that number of absconding slaves were found—the maximum punishment to be five years in the penitentiary under each indictment.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1848.

The New Compromise.

Since our last issue the Compromise Committee of the Senate have reported a bill for the Government of the New Territories, which is just what, in spirit, though not in letter, was to be expected from the constitution of that Committee. Nobody who knows anything of human nature—and especially American human nature—could hope for a moment, that a committee to make a compromise composed of four uncompromising slaveholders and slaveocrats two unflinching dough-faces, and two Northern men, of whom the best that could be said is that we know nothing about them, and that if they were not dough-faces, they had never done anything to show it—a member of Congress being supposed, of course, to be a dough-face till he has proved the contrary;—that such a committee, it was not to be expected, could or would offer any Compromise that would not be all on one side. If any body had any such hope, or ever indulges in any such illusory expectations in regard to any of the acts of the Government of the United States, then such person is sure to be most grieviously disappointed. Till Mr. Calhoun is an Abolitionist—and we have, even on that score, far more hope of him than we have of most Northern public men—we may calculate with as much certainty as we do upon the sun's rising to-morrow morning, that the interests of Slavery are perfectly safe in his hands, and that when so good a chance is given him as to constitute a committee of five of his Friends to two who may possibly be opposed to him, he will not only do the best he can, but the best that can be done for his favourite system.

That he no doubt has done in the Bill reported, and which will probably pass the Senate. Whether it will pass the House, this session, is a question. But that it will eventually become a law, or that some bill will, which will secure to the Slaveholders all that this does, is not a question. The settlement of this point of having the New Territories open to slaveholders, with their property, is of no trifling moment to the South. They are not going to be defeated upon it, for two reasons:—because it is in itself of vast consequence that Slavery should have open range to the South, and not be shut up to die of starvation, with free States all around it;—and because defeat is a precedent which would lead to sure destruction. The courage and the cunning of the South never failed her yet, and they will not now. She has not yet, begun to play her game and it is not likely she will begin immediately: though of this we are by no means certain; she will play it as soon as she is sure of winning. If by stratagem, or bullying, or cajolery, she can push this, or any other bill, which will secure her object, through Congress, she will take care to do it, but the probability is that she will wait the result of the Presidential election, when it will be easier to tell precisely what amount of effort is necessary to compass her ends. For she never wastes her power. Like a cat with a mouse, or a tiger with her prey, she always lets the North believe that they are just going to escape—but she never lets them. She must be more wary, and put forth more strength now than she ever did before, for the North has never been so thoroughly aroused, and has never before made such earnest demonstrations of her determination to shake off the incubus that weighs her down. But the cunning and the power will not be wanting. The North is not yet ready to push the matter to its ultimate conclusion; the South is. She is ready, and always has been, to bring up the question of a Dissolution of the Union, it remaining with her, when brought up, to decide whether she will accept that alternative. She is the challenged party, and has the privilege of saying whether she will fight or apologize—back out or dissolve the Union. Herein she is has the advantage over the North, who must necessarily be the challenging party, and has no alternative to fall back upon when she has once pushed matters to extremities, if the other party should take her at her word. Unfortunately we have not yet got to that point of final settlement. And until we do the South will maintain a vantage ground, on which she is impregnable, and from which she will always repel successfully every attempt to meddle with her prescriptive right to have everything her own way.

The Compromise now offered will be apparent on reading two sections of the Bill now before the Senate. Sec. 6, relating to Oregon, and the Legislative power of the Territory is as follows:

"And be it further enacted, That the legislative power of territory shall extend to all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution of the United States, and the provisions of this act; but no law shall be passed interfering with the primary disposal of the soil; no tax shall be imposed upon the property of the United States; nor shall the lands or other property of non-residents be taxed higher than the lands or other property of residents. All the laws passed by the the Legislative-Assembly shall be submitted to the Congress of the United States, and if disapproved by them shall be null and void."

By thus permitting legislation on the subject of Slavery in Oregon, it is evident that it might be excluded—provided always that the people shall choose such action. It is pretty certain however, that the slaveholders are satisfied that the natural character of Oregon, its climate and its soil, have already decided the question, that it is not congenial to slave-labour. Were this not the fact, they would not have made the distinction they have, and which is apparent in the following article which relates to the Government of California and New Mexico:

And be it further enacted, That the legislative power of said territory shall, until Congress shall otherwise provide, be vested in the Governor, Secretary, and Judges of the Supreme Court, who, or a majority of them, shall have power to pass any law for the administration of justice in said territory, which shall not be repugnant to this act, or inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the United States. But no law shall be passed interfering with the primary disposal of the soil, respecting an establishment of religion, or respecting slavery; and no tax shall be imposed upon the property of the United States, nor shall the lands or other property of non-residents be taxed higher than the lands or other property of residents. All the laws shall be submitted to the Congress of the United States, and if disapproved shall be null and void.

This leaves the question open as it respects these two territories. Slaveholders and non-slaveholders may settle in both indiscriminately, if they choose, and it is precisely what the former will choose. Their settling there will be the exclusion of free labour, for free labourers will not, and can not, get a living where to be a labourer is to belong to a despised and imbruted class. Free blacksmiths and carpenters will not work for the low wages and low position which are offered to them in communities, where blacksmiths, and first-rate carpenters, are offered for sale in the market place; nor will free agriculturists water the soil with their sweat, where gangs of field hands are knocked off at auction in lots to suit purchasers, to water the same soil with their blood and tears. And if this is not enough to give over the country, to the curse of interminable Slavery, or as long as the slaveholders choose, the provision for the Government of the territories will. Should a question arise as to the legality of Slavery in any given case, it is to be decided by judicial action. If a man of the wrong colour chooses to think and assert, that, because he is living in a territory lately free, and under laws enacted by the Government of the United States, he is, therefore, entitled to the fruits of his own labour, or to wages for his toil; and if he cannot be brought to a more reasonable state of mind by the application of the cart-whip, the thumb-screw, and the paddle, he can carry his case, if his master will spare him from the rice-swamp, the sugar-mill, or the mine, to a judge for adjudication. But supposing the difficulties in the way of a chattel-personal going to law removed, and the case fairly before the judge, that dignitary himself, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, will be himself a slaveholder from a Southern slave State, and will not be likely to decide in favour of the appellant, contrary, not only to his own interests, but to the very spirit of those institutions, amid which he was nurtured, and to perpetuate which, the territory in which he resides was annexed to the United States, and he himself made a judge in that Israel. Nor will the fact that the slave may appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States avail him. Putting out of the question the impossibility of a slave—supposing, which is absurd, that he had got so far—carrying his case to Washington, fifteen hundred, or two thousand miles off, we all know what he would have to expect from a court composed of five slaveholding judges, and four dough-faces. Should they ever come to a decision, they would find no difficulty in taking out of the ashes of the Constitution past precedents enough to send back the bold plaintiff for justice and freedom at their hands, to the tender mercies of his master in New Mexico or California.

Such is the character of the new Compromise, and it is in spirit precisely the same as all that have preceded it, when the question of Slavery was concerned. It gives to the slavepower all that it demands, and cheats the North with something less than a shadow. It is well worth contending against, and we wish the Barnburners success with our whole heart. But we have not the slightest hope of it. Southern persistency, and Northern treachery, will carry the day against Freedom, and for Slavery, in one form or another, and our only hope is, that out of the conflict there may grow a Northern Republic, which shall preserve the liberties of a portion of the people, leaving the South in her madness to stagger on alone with her burden till she repents, or is overtaken with the righteous retribution which, sooner or later, overwhelms all tyrannies.

The following tale is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur of Jaalam. It is gratifying to us to meet him in the walks of elegant literature. We regret that the crowded state of our columns prevents us from inserting his letter enclosing the poem. His remarks on Parables, Apologues, and Fables, are very interesting, and his observations on Prior and Gay would form a valuable contribution to a more exclusively literary journal.

LEAVING THE MATTER OPEN.

A TALE.

BY HOMER WILBUR, A. M.

Two brothers once, an ill-matched pair,
Together dwelt (no matter where,)
To whom an Uncle Sam, or some one,
Had left a house and farm in common:
The two in principles and habits
Were different as rats from rabbits;
Stout farmer North, with frugal care,
Laid up provision for his heir,
Not scorning with hard sun-browned hands
To scrape acquaintance with his lands;
Whatever thing he had to do
He did, and made it pay him, too;
He sold his waste stone by the pound,
His drains made water-wheels spin round,
His ice in summer-time he sold,
His wood brought profit when 'twas cold,
He dug and delved from morn till night,
Strove to make profit square with right,
Lived on his means, cut no great dash,
And paid his debts in honest cash.

On tother hand, his brother South
Lived very much from hand to mouth,
Played gentleman, nursed dainty hands,
Borrowed North's money on his lands,
And culled his morals and his graces
From cock-pits, bar-rooms, fights, and races;
His sole work in the farming line
Was keeping droves of long-legged swine,
Which brought great bothers and expenses
To North in looking after fences,
And, when they happened to break through,
Cost him both time and temper too,
For South insisted it was plain
He ought to drive them home again,
And North consented to the work
Because he loved to buy cheap pork.

Meanwhile, South's swine increasing fast,
His farm became too small at last,
So, having thought the matter over,
And feeling bound to live in clover
And never pay the clover's worth,
He said one day to brother North:—

"Our families are both increasing,
And, though we labour without ceasing,
Our produce soon will be too scant
To keep our children out of want;
They who wish fortune to be lasting
Must be both prudent and forecasting;
We soon shall need more land; a lot
I know, that cheaply can be bo't;
You lend the cash, I'll buy the acres,
And we'll be equally partakers."

Poor North, whose Anglo-Saxon blood
Gave him a hankering after mud,
Wavered a moment, then consented,
And, when the cash was paid, repented;
To make the new land worth a pin,
Thought he, it must be all fenced in,
For, if South's swine once get the run on 't
No kind of farming can be done on 't;
If that do n't suit the other side,
'T is best we instantly divide.

But somehow South could ne'er incline
This way or that to run the line,
And always found some new pretence
'Gainst setting the division fence;
At last he said:—

"For peace's sake,
Liberal concessions I will make;
Though I believe, upon my soul,
I 've a just title to the whole,
I 'll make an offer which I call
Gen'rous,—we'll have no fence at all;
Then both of us, whene'er we choose,
Can take what part we want to use;
If you should chance to need it first,
Pick you the best, I'll take the worst."

"Agreed!" cried North; thought he, this fall
With wheat and rye I'll sow it all,
In that way I shall get the start,
And South may whistle for his part;
So thought, so done, the field was sown,
And, winter having come and gone,
Sly North walked blithely forth to spy,
The progress of his wheat and rye;
Heavens, what a sight! his brother's swine
Had asked themselves all out to dine,
Such grunting, munching, rooting, shoving,
The soil seemed all alive and moving,
As for his grain, such work they 'd made on 't,
He could n't spy a single blade on 't.

Off in a rage he rushed to South,
"My wheat and rye"—grief choked his mouth;
"Pray do n't mind me," said South, "but plant
All of the new land that you want;"
"Yes, but your hogs," cried North;

"The grain
Won't hurt them," answered South again;
"But they destroy my grain;"

"No doubt;
'T is fortunate you 've found it out;
Misfortunes teach, and only they,
You must not sow it in their way;"
"Nay, you," says North, "must keep them out;"
"Did I create them with a snout?"
Asked South demurely; "as agreed,
"The land is open to your seed,
And would you fain prevent my pigs
From running there their harmless rigs?
God knows I view this compromise
With not the most approving eyes;
I gave up my unquestioned rights
For sake of quiet days and nights,
I offered then, you know 't is true,
To cut the piece of land in two."
"Then cut it now," growls North;

"Abate
Your heat," says South, "'t is now too late;
I offered you the rocky corner,
But you, of your own good the scorner,
Refused to take it; I am sorry;
No doubt you might have found a quarry,
Perhaps a gold-mine, for aught I know,
Containing heaps of native rhino;
You can't expect me to resign
My right"—

"But where," quoth North, "are mine?"
"*Your* rights," says tother, "well, that 's funny,
I bought the land"—

"*I* paid the money;"
"That," answered South, "is from the point,
The ownership, you 'll grant, is joint;
I 'm sure my only hope and trust is
Not law so much as abstract justice,
Though, you remember, 't was agreed
That so and so—consult the deed;
Objections now are out of date,
They might have answered once, but Fate
Quashes them at the point we 've got to;
Obsta principiis, that 's my motto."

So saying, South began to whistle
And looked as obstinate as gristle,
While North went homeward, each brown paw
Clenched like a knot of natural law,
And all the while, in either ear,
Heard something clicking wondrous clear.

J. R. L.

EMANCIPATION AT ST. MARTINS.—We find in some of the Boston papers the following report of the state of things at St. Martins, brought by the captain of the barque Polka, which left that island on the 28th June. Nobody should be surprised at some violent outbreak, merely from a natural reaction, when Freedom is at once proclaimed in a community of slaves, but it is a very striking fact, that only when the promised boon was withheld, and not when it was given, has there been outrage committed, or any difficulty arisen. Such, it will be seen, was the case in St. Martins. The emancipated blacks among the French, returned quietly to their work, after a day of rejoicing, while the Dutch, who have neither the courage nor the wisdom to do with good grace, and once what must be done sooner or later, are in a panic of fear, and anxious to leave their possessions. It is no doubt the same causes at St. Eustatia which are producing similar results.

The emancipation of the slaves took place on the French portion of the island of St. Martins on the 3d of June, and the whole black population, *en masse*, paraded the streets, with tokens of rejoicing. After several days a part of them returned to work on the plantations, while others remained unoccupied but quiet.

In consequence of the emancipation of Slavery on the French part of the island of St. Martin, the estate owners and other proprietors on the Dutch part had met and agreed to commence their treatment of slaves on the free principle, and to grant such amelioration as was consistent, and at once to ask the mother Goverument to complete the work of emancipation. This step quieted the minds of the people, and the work of gathering salt commenced on the 15th June, with the prospect of a crop of three to four hundred thousand bushels. The want of water in consequence, is intense, and small vessels are kept running to St. Kitts for a supply, but were not able to obtain an adequate quantity.

The Dutch planters were in expectation, that if the mother country granted the emancipation of the slaves indemnity would be made to them. There are no troops at St. Martins, and the inhabitants are at the mercy of the slaves, who do just as they please. Quite a number of the inhabitants talk of leaving the Island.

Arrivals at St. Martins from St. Thomas, state that several German vessels had been seized at St. Croix, and that the Germans were selling off their property with a view to settle at Porto Rico and on the Spanish Maine. Business in those islands is in a prosperous way.

At St. Eustatia, there had been a revolt of the negroes, in suppressing which several were wounded. The ringleaders were taken and placed on board the Dutch man-of-war Pyl, bound to Curacoca, where they will be tried. It is alro stated that four negroes were killed during the insurrection at St Eustatia.

COLONIZATION.—We call attention to the articles on our first page from the *New York Day Book* on Colonization. They are valnable as coming from one who speaks of what he knows and has seen, and no better proof of their correctness could be given than the flutter into which they have thrown the Colon izationists of this city. Both Governor Pinney and Governor Roberts, as it will be seen by the articles, have felt called upon to answer them, and their effect has been such as to defeat entirely the object of the visit of Roberts and his suite to this city. Notwithstanding the Mayor and Corporation have taken up these dignitaries and overwhelmed them with attentions,—in a public way, that is, for we do not understand that they have invited the "gentlemen from Africa" home to their houses—the intelligent coloured people of this city have not been taken in either by the glowing representations of Liberia, which have been given in public meetings, nor by the public honours which have been paid by the missionaries from that Republic.—Though there is much in the spirit with which Dr. Bacon speaks of the African race, which we do not approve, yet he deserves the thanks of the friends of that oppressed people, for the fearlessness and ability which he has exposed the absurd and wicked scheme of African Colonization.

THE MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK.—The *Utica Democrat* gives a list of forty-nine Democratic Journals in this State which support the nomination of Van Buren and repudiate the regular Loco-Foco ticket. Among them are many of the leading papers of their respective neighbourhoods, of wide circulation and great influence, and they compose no doubt, full half of the Democratic Press of the State. Such a fact is fatal to the hopes of the success of the Cassites in New York, and we cannot but hope that it is equally significant with regard to the Whigs, who have not, that we know, a single paper opposed to Taylor. We subjoin the list of the Democratic papers:

N. Y. Evening Post, N. Y. Globe, N. Y. Democrat, N. Y. Barnburner, Suffolk Co. Watchman, Long Island Democrat, Williamsburgh Advocate, Eastern State Journal, Putnam Democrat, Newburgh Telegraph, Goshen Clarion, Catskill Recorder, Columbia Democrat, Ulster Repulican, Delaware Gazette, Albany Atlas, Troy Budget, Fonda Sentinel, Fulton Co. Democrat, Mowhawk Courier, Ostego Democrat, Hamilton Reflector, Utica Democrat, Lewis Co. Democrat, St. Lawrence Republican, Steuben Farm's Advocate, Keesville Democrat, Watertown Union, Jefferson Co. Democrat, Oswego Palladium, Onondaga Standard, Skaneateles Democrat, Free Soil Campaigner, Cayuga New Era, Ithaca Journal, Binghamton Courier, Tioga Freeman, Elmira Gazette, Chemung Jeffersonian, Ontario Messenger, Phelps Atlas, Lyons Argus, Palmyra Sentinel, Rochester Daily Advocate, Northern Freeman, Allegany Reporter, Cattaragus Democrat, Buffalo Republic, Niagara Cataract.

GEN. TAYLOR'S PIETY.—Gen. Taylor's lucky planet is in the ascendency. No sooner is any needed qualification demanded for him, than a kind friend springs up somewhere with the documents ready to prove that he has it in full possession. His character at the South needs no backing. A whole pack of bloodhounds bay his praise in chorus, though such testimony is hardly necessary for a planter on the coast of Mississippi, where in twenty-one years, three generations of human cattle are used up in the manufacture of sugar and cotton, and their places supplied, every seven years, by a new supply from the shambles of the South Eastern States. But there are some qualmish people at the North who are anxious for the evidence of his adherence to Northern Institutions—as if there was any essential difference.

To such thin-skinned brethren the following correspondence will be exceedingly gratifying. It is proper to state that letters are no hoax, and that the editor of the *Worcester* (Mass.) *True Whig*, vouches for the excellent character of Deacon White, who sent this precious letter of a "Rev. Mr. L." to that paper.

Winchendon, June 29, 1848.

To the Editor:—The author of the following communication is a highly respected clergyman, now pastor of an orthodox church in a neighbouring town, and for six years officiated as Chaplain in the United States Army under Gen. Z. Taylor. He kindly sent me the following letter in answer to some inquiries proposed by me, respecting the character., views, and habits of Gen. Taylor, and knowing that you are ready to publish facts, I submit it to you for the information of the public.

Yours, respectfully, JOSEPH WHITE.

——, June 1848.

Sir:—You are no doubt aware that I held the office of Chaplin in the United States Army about six years, being stationed at Fort Jesup, La. and that while at that extreme Southern post, I was in daily acquaintance with Brig. Gen. Taylor.

I presume it is on this account that you propose to me some questions touching the views of that distinguished individual. I am willing to reply, not because I am a politician or have any personal interest in his nomination for the Presidency, but because I am laid under lasting obligations to that honest noble-hearted man, and I would gladly correct some of the gross mistakes that are now afloat concerning his character.

In politics, Gen. Taylor is a *Whig*—in religion strictly *orthodox*—but in neither is he extreme, maintaining his well-formed opinions with the calm decision which he manifested on the field of battle.

With regard to Slavery, and extension of Territory, I assure you that neither for a slave market nor any other object was Gen. Taylor in favour of conquest and annexation. He was not in favour of receiving Texas into our Union, nor in favour of the recent war with Mexico. The only evidence of his being in favour of Slavery, that I ever saw or heard of, was the fact, that he did what every man at the South must do, if he would have servants. viz: either own or hire slaves. I do well remember that a part at least of the coloured people living in his family could read well and were very pious. I never heard a word from the General in favour of the slave system, but on the contrary, his decided preference for the institutions and customs of the North.

It is a pity that Gen. Taylor should be made out a pro-Slavery man because his Government keeps him at the South, or for the wrong of allowing his plantation to be on the Mississippi, instead of the banks of the Connecticut. We are allowed to hang no man upon an inference.

I assure you, that if elected, he will do more for *peace and emancipation* than any Northern man would be allowed to do.

Gen. Taylor maintains on all occasions the habit of *total abstinence* from all intoxicating drinks—and to this he has ascribed his robust health amid the swamps and campaigns of Florida and Mexico. I would also assure you, that nothing could be more unjust and untrue than the assertion that he is a profane man—it is *false altogether*. He is a bright exception to the common practice of profaneness in the army.

General Taylor is the decided friend of Christianity, and Christian institutions. He was a regular attendant on public worship in the garrison, accompanied by his accomplished lady and daughter.

Mrs. Taylor is a lady of fine appearance and agreeable manners, and a consistent professor of religion. As a family they appeared to observe the Sabbath strictly as a religious duty.

The General took a deep interest in the welfare of all under his command. No man ever had the confidence of troops more than he, and it was not his courage, kindness, and discipline alone, but his interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the men, that endeared him to the army. Of the more than six hundred men—reformed drunkards—once at Fort Jesup, allowed the benefit of the library, reading-room, and every privilege consistent with military life, many obtained their discharge before entering Texas and returned to their friends and homes, and these, with all that shared with their commander in conflict and victory, will ever remember him and love him.

Yours truly, &c.

Hon. John P. Hale will accept our thanks for a copy, of the Geograhpical Memoir upon Upper California, Addressed to the Senate by John Charles Fremont.

☞ The death of Governor Shunk of Pa. was announced in Philadelphia on Thursday evening of last week.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. XXXV.

The Argument.—*Summer Reflections on Barnburning.—Pyromaniacal Philosophy.—Cynic researches of Young Whigs.—Their success.—Refuge for Repentant Politicians.—The Correspondent waxeth Theological.—His Opinions touching the Future State of the Wicked, where acquired, and how modified.—The Old Whigs, and their slaveholding Governor, Major and General.—Virtues proceeding from "Niggers."—Murray, Walker, poor Priscian, and Lord Duberly.—The Correspondent on the Parts of Speech.—He groweth Histrionic.—And describeth the First Appearance of Gen. Coombs.—Mr. George Lunt prologuizeth.—Mr. Myron Lawrence followeth.—His Visions.—A Degenerate Grandson.—What the God of Washington hath been about.—Mr. L. recognizeth a Superintending Providence.—And maketh minced meat of the three Charleses, and of General Wilson.—General Coomb's speech, with parenthetical commentaries.—Obligations of Massachusetts to Kentucky.—Gen. Coombs, Regular Nominations, John Tyler and the Antipodes of Abraham's bosom.—Objections to Cass.—Contest in beauty of Taylor and Cass.—Paris Coombs giveth Venus Taylor the palm.—Melting, and Moving effect of his Speech.—The Volunteers' Reception.—Their melancholy plight.—Governor Briggs and his Jewels.—General Cushing at the Collation.—His dangers not over with the War. &c., &c.*

Boston, July 22d, 1848.

Hot weather this for burning barns! But nevertheless that singular *pyr omania* seems to be epidemical. The political horizon grows red and redder with the blaze of these remarkable conflagrations. And the strangest circumstance is that the owners are themselves the incendiaries. How terrible must have been the Plague of Rats, when such a desperate remedy is thought better than the disease! I only hope, as a Reverend friend suggested in a letter awhile ago, that they are not burning their old barns for the purpose of building greater. The good old steady-going Democratic householders who had always kept their barns built according to the best received models for keeping safe all they could get, are greatly non-plussed by these new vagaries. They more than intimate that it is done feloniously, and merely for the sake of cheating the underwriters. That, in short, the barnburners are tired of paying the premium every year for so long, without any remunerating conflagration, and so they have taken the matter into their own hands. And it is their heart's desire and prayer that they may get nothing by it beyond burning their own fingers.

While the Barnburners are thus lighting up the midnight skies of Democracy with these hideous combustions, the Young Whigs are going about the country like so many juvenile Diogeneses, with their candle in their lantern to see if, peradventure, they can find an honest man or so. And, really, their success, when we consider the political profligacy of the Whigs in times past and present, is quite encouraging. They have prosperously laid the foundation, which they hope will be edified unto perfection at Buffalo, of a Magdalen Retreat for Penitent Politicians. It is to be hoped that this retirement and the treatment they are undergoing, will restore them to a sound condition, and teach them to forsake forever all their evil ways. But they must not expect to botch up their old broken down *Constitution*. They must get a new one, or be ailing all their days. I should be sorry to abandon the comfortable doctrine I learned during my apprenticeship to grace and knowledge at Andover of the final Reprobation of the larger part of the human species (I did not attend prayers four times a day, on week-days, and church three times, on Sundays, besides Sunday-schools, and Conference meetings for seven years, for nothing, I can tell you); but it looks, now, as if the remnant to be saved might be a trifle larger than I used to reckon it.

While the Young Whigs are industriously going into all the region round about upon this their mission, the Old Ones are not entirely inactive. They have had three slaveholders in the field,—a Governor, a General, and a Major,—to instruct in these parts whom to vote for. The Governor (Johnson, I believe his name is,—but nobody remembers the names of Governors,) I did not hear, so I cannot speak advisedly as to his qualifications for his Chair in this Whig University; but as to the Major and the General I can avouch, of my own knowledge, that they had no apparent recommendation besides their proficiency in the *Black* art. "*Niggers*," I always knew, imply the possession of every moral excellence and public virtue in the fortunate owner; but I did not know before that they made good the absence of Lindley Murray and John Walker, nor that they were good for a fracture of poor Priscian's head, and could cure what Lord Duberly in the play, styles his "*cakelology*." I am the last man in the world to speak evil of dignities—especially of Generals and Majors,—but it is a melancholy fact that neither Major Gaines nor General Leslie Coombs could talk or pronounce English. It is but fair, however, to say that they both disclaimed any rhetorical pretensions, or particular fitness for public speaking.

General Combs's appearance on the boards of Faneuil Hall has occurred, I think, since I wrote to you last. The Managers having announced the engagement of this celebrated Star, for One Night Only, in blazing puffs in the papers and staring capitals on the walls, I went in good season and secured a place in a front box. It was by no means "a Bumper." The Boxes were tolerably well filled and the pit about two-thirds full. When the curtain rose, Mr. George Lunt, who made such a shocking bungle of it once here as Bombastes Furioso, but who has since recovered himself, in some degree, by his performance in the farce of the Convention, at Philadelphia, spoke the prologue. Then Mr. Myron Lawrence, of the Hampshire theatre made his bow. Of course, he did not come prepared to speak. (Who ever did?) But he had enlisted under Rough and Ready,—and Rough as he was, (and *very* rough he seemed) he was always Ready in such a cause. He never entered this venerable place without imagining that he saw our Fathers preparing to fight the British Lion. Hancock, Warren, Adams! The Adams of the First Generation had been a light to his country. So had the Adams of the Second Generation. Would to God he could say the same of him of the Third! (cheers and hisses.) Why were they there? To consider the claims of the candidates for the highest office on earth. Cass on one side—Taylor on the other. General Taylor was not his first choice. He had hoped that Daniel Webster would have received the acclamation of the country. But the Convention decided otherwise—and good faith bound us to its decision. Why did he go for Taylor? Because he is an honest and capable man. Who could do what he has done? Win battles with raw recruits? Washington could have done it. *The God of Washington had provided this Second Washington for this occasion!* (I really think he might have been better employed.) What but a Superintending Providence could have raised up such a man! But there is a great Secession in the Whig ranks! Who is gone? Charles Allen, Charles Adams, Charles Sumner, and a few other Charleses! Mr. L. then traced the disaffection of Judge Allen to its fountain-head in the lobby of Faneuil Hall, at the Whig Convention of 1846, and after illustrating his treason by that of Arnold, he proceeded to demolish "that redoubtable hero of Natick, General Henry Wilson," and informed us that there was another Gen. Wilson, Long Jem, of N. H., who had more substance in his little finger than this General in his whole body. *Et cetera, et cetera.*

Next General Coombs appeared and received the three ounds always paid as bounty money on such occasions. He is a thin wiry Kentuckian, of two and thirty as he informed us in his speech. When I began to catch his voice he was discoursing of his feelings on being on that holy ground, and making some proposition about taking his shoes off. (But he did'nt.) He had been at Bunker's Hill that day, and had thought he saw the *sperrits* of Warren and the immortal dead hovering over the monument. It seemed strange that he should have come from the Springs of the River Kentucky and be here where the sea ebbs and flows. But though our pursuits are different,—our interests are the same. We are farmers. You manufacturers. Our interests are one. He was but a boy when the war of 1812 was fought. (Quite a boy, for he could n't have been born till after the Peace.) But he riccollected that Kentucky then stood by Massachusetts! By the Seaboard and Sailors Rights! (Massachusetts was extre mely obliged to her.) The General then described the horrors of War to which Kentucky was exposed. How garrisons were massa*creed*, and they all like to be left at the mercy of a savage foe. And then when Fort Harrison was *attackted* by a superior force how it was saved by a young officer, who exclaimed "*we'll rip 'em!*" (which being interpreted means "we'll give 'em h—l!") And that officer was Capt. Zachary Taylor! He then passed to the Campaign of 1840 (for the general was quite Shandean in his transitions,) and gave an example of his notions as to "regular nominations," by avowing that in all that campaign he had never mentioned John Tyler's name, and when asked if he meant to vote for him, he said No! he'd see him——"*not* in Abrahams bosom, first!"

He next gave his objections to Cass—*Jin'ral* Cass"—(I give his own pronunciation of this dignity, as unquestionably orthoepic). 1. He (Cass) said he had been a *dimmocrat*, since the time of Jefferson and yet had worn the black cockade in Delawarr long since. 2 He had never been under the fire of the enemy. No more had General Butler, excepting once when he was fighting in the wrong street at Monterey and wasbrought off by Gen. Taylor. 3. He had been (lucky dog!) an office-holder all his life. And 4. he had made Louis Philippe a present of a bottle of water from the River Jordan for the Baptism of the little Count of Paris. He next made a comparison between the personal charms of Generals Taylor and Cass, entirely to the advantage of the former,—although he acknowledged that he was no beauty. He only wished he could be carted round the country before Election. He wished to call attention to Gen. Taylor in a moral not a military, *pint* of view. And this he did in a rapid sketch of the way in which he fought the battle of Buena Vista, and from thence inferred that he was the fittest person for President. I am sorry to say that the audience melted away rapidly under the ardour of his speech and of a tremendously hot night, so that there were hardly people enough left at its conclusion to give the proper number of cheers, led off by a gentleman who is said to have taken a prominent part in the Garrison Mob in 1835.

The poor Massachusetts Volunteers were exhibited today for the advantage of whomsoever it might concern. The poor fellows seem to have paid dearly enough for their whistles,—or, rather, for consenting to be made the whistles on which other men might play. The state of raggedness and destitution in which they were when they first arrived is said to have been beyond belief. Falstaff would not have been willing to march through Coventry with them, that's flat. If there were more than "a shirt and a half among them" all, there was not so much a piece. It was bad enough, to day, after they had been brushed up a little for the occasion, by subscription. A more pitiable, broken-down, melancholy collection could hardly be seen. had not, apparently, strength enough to hold up their guns. Gaunt, grim, unshaven and unshorn, sickly, and miserable did they look. "No eye hath seen such scare-crows." They were escorted through most of the streets by the Boston Brigade, whose holiday soldiership contrasted violently enough with the wrecks of actual service behind them. The streets were crowded with people and the Common covered as on the Fourth of July. I do not know whether Governor Briggs was present or not,—but he should have been there to look upon these poor remains of his jewels. He it was that made them what they are. They had a collation in Faneuil Hall, of which I have heard nothing, excepting that they hissed General Cushing so that his speech proceeded in dumb show. It is said that their hatred of him is so great, that he would be in greater danger of bodily harm should he go near their quarters, than he has been in since he broke his leg in the service of the "*Semoreeta*." But for further particulars, if any, you must wait till my next letter.

Yours Truly, D. Y.

Notes on New Books.

Blackwood for July.—*L. Scott & Co's. reprint.* The No. of Blackwood for this month deals largely in politics; but however widely we many dissent from the principles it uniformly promulgates, its political articles are always able, and well worth reading. Among those in this No. with which we have the least patience is a paper on the European Revolutions, purporting to be a letter from Boston. That it was written in Boston we think it not unlikely, but we much doubt if it was by an American. Not that there are no Americans who favour despotism, be it at home or abroad, but there is a certain Tory twang about this writer, which unmistakeably marks the English cockney. We doubt, for instance, if any but an Englishman would have hit upon the Jewish Disabilities Bill as a proof of the sad degeneracy of the times in Great Britain. The Laws of Land; a paper on the Whig Government; one upon Colonizaion, and another on the Navigation Laws are the other political articles; Part IV of the Caxtons, Part II of Life in the Far West, both lively and amusing, and a review of a Journey to Siberia by a German, are a good offset for the heavier matter. The latter is especially instructive and interesting, and gives us a tantalizing taste of regions and peoples little known.

To Correspondents.

E. Q. The paper hitherto sent to S. P. C. has been stopped. We entirely repudiate the heresies he refers to, and have returned devoutly and penitently to the faith of our fathers.

A. B. J. The lad was provided for before his letter reached us.

S. P. The smaller particulars to the great fact shall be sent at our earliest leisure. The enclosed in that of the 23d were to late for this week.

J. W. Many thanks for his kind response. Will he not send us all that was not *conveyed*, and correct that that was? These who have seen the mutilated thing, will be glad of a sight of the perfect whole; and that will come before an entirely new audience.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry:* Anti-Slavery Sonnets. *Miscellany:* The Bible Chronology not in agreement with that of Science; Separation of Josephine and Napoleon; Shakspeare a Man of Business; Earning an honest Penny; The Model Labourer; Gleaninge from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Selections:* Colonization; The Sugar and Coffee Report.

Second Page.—*Selections:* Free Soil Meeting in the Park. &c. &c.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

SEVEN DAYS

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrval of the Hibernia.

The Hibernia arrived at this port on Friday evening, having sailed from Liverpool on the 8th inst.

The intelligence she brings that *Paris is quiet* is of the most importance, though that the tranquility is anything more than momentary it would not be wise to predict. The elements which have already produced such tremendous explosions seem by no means to be annihilated, and perhaps are suspended in their operations for only a brief period. The papers are so full of rumours, and evident exaggerations, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to understand the existing state of things, or to foretell what a week may bring forth.—The parties, whoever they are that produced and guided the late insurrection, are supposed to be not discouraged by their defeat, and a more thorough organization is said to be going on among them. Among the many new facts—or stories—given in the English papers, are several asserting that British and Russian gold was found among the insurgents, some times in large quantities, and that it is certain that many, whose only object in a new revolution could be the reestablishment of monarchy, were found fighting at the barricades, or among the dead.

Lamartine has indignantly denied that he had any knowledge whatever of the plans of those engaged in the recent attempt at revolution. He is reported to be on the point of leaving France for the East. His departure at such a moment has given rise to many rumours.

It is supposed that Gen. Cavaignac will be proposed as President of the Republic. He has made a report of the condition of the National workshops, and proposes their suppression. They are represented as presenting a very formidable organization, and embracing among their number, many persons very far removed from the condition of workmen, and having a comfortable, and sometimes even elegant and luxurious maintenance from other sources. The establishments seem to have been perverted to the furtherance of political purposes.

M. de Chateaubriand died on the 4th inst. He has left ten volumes of Memoirs for publication, which he would not publish during his lifetime. He was about 88 years of age.

The new Constitution is under discussion in the Assembly. Among the presidents of the *Bureaux* chosen are, MM. Thiers' Berryer, Dufaure, Vivien, Dupin, Billault, de Tracy, and Gustave de Beaumont. M. Arago is the only member of the late Government that has been chosen.

We give such extracts from foreign papers—Douglass Jerrold's and others—as are of the most interest. A portion of those on the 4th page are also from papers received by the Hibernia.

Effects of the Battle.—An eye-witness thus describes the subsequent appearance of the different localities where conflicts had taken place: "On the 30th ultimo I made a farther tour through the theatre of the greatest destruction of property, and I find it is not so extensive as has been reported.—The chief points are the end of the Rue St. Antoine, near the Hotel de Ville, where the street becomes narrow: there are several houses on the north side tattered by cannon, in a tottering condition. On the south side the windows and wood-work are damaged by musket balls. In the Rue du Faubourg du Temple, the entire line of street from the boulevard to the Barrière Bellville is more or less damaged. The shower of balls thrown up the Rue Faubourg St. Antoine, riddled the houses on either side to a distance of some hundred yards; the windows and wood-work are for the most part destroyed, and large fragments chipped from the walls in every part.—The Rue de la Roquette is impassable, the [illegible] of the houses knocked down forming a smoldering heap, which cannot be safely surmounted on foot. The environs of the Pantheon were another scene of action, but much fewer marks of destruction are observable there. The narrow line of the Rue St. Jacques has much glass and wood-work broken, but the play of the artillery appears to have been directed on the church, which has been much disfigured; the bas-relief in the pediment, which surrounds the vestibule is much battered and the entire of the building is said to be a good deal damaged. It has happened fortunately that the parts of the town where the conflict chiefly raged consisted of old buildings, generally of small value.

Caussidiere the Chief—Discoveries.—In the best informed quarters the general opinion prevails that the real chief of the late insurrection was Caussidiere. It is said that things were not unknown to Louis Blanc, but that he shrunk from any active share.

Important discoveries appear to have been made by the magistrates on the events of the insurrection. Documents of the highest importance have been seized which will show whence proceeded the money distributed, and who were really the chiefs of the insurrection. The Committee has already heard numerous witnesses, and collected a great quantity of documents. The inquiry has for its object to ascertain what information the Executive Commission had, or should have had, as to a conspiracy that every one knew existed, and what motives to neglect such measures or precautions as were required for the public safety. The number of troops of the line in Paris was only 10,000 on the 22d June. There are now 60.000.

Hundreds of respectable persons, literary men, artists, gentlemen, educated persons, are missing, who were not killed in the ranks of the National Guard. They where among the insurgents, whose organization has already recommenced. Signals were exchanged continually from house to house, and the extempore telegraphs were at work. During the whole of the insurrection, the chiefs learnt what was passing from the telegraphs erected on the summits of lofty houses, and corresponding with houses within the circle of insurrection.

Incidental Occurrences.

More than 100,000 muskets have been returned to the arsenals of the State. In some quarters persons gave up their muskets and swords with great alacrity, but searches having been made in their houses arms and ammunitions were found secreted.—On the 24th June, the prisoner Barbès and others who were at Vincenes were removed to Ham.—On Saturday night last 700 prisoners were sent to the Fort de Vanves. An election has taken place in Corsica to supply a vacancy in the representation. The result is curious: Prince Louis Napoleon had 35,903 votes, the total number of the constituency being but 38,197! he *Journal des Debates* contradicts a statement made in several papers that M. Alphonse de Polignac, son of Charles X.'s celebrated minister, had been killed fighting in the ranks of the insurgents. On the contrary M. Alphonse de Polignac fought as a volunteer in the ranks of the 18th batallion of the Garde Mobile, and was constantly exposed to the most imminent danger. In the Faubourg St. Marceau the insurgents invaded the residence of a professor of the Ecole de Pharmacie, a well-known chemist. For twenty-four hours he resisted the prayers and threats to make cotton-powder. He pretended that he had not the necessary materials, but the insurgents procured them, and at length, presenting their muskets at him and his wife and daughter, they threatened to shoot him if he did not set to work. He had, however, manufactured only a small quantity when the quarter was freee by the Garde Mobile. In one of the caricatures a fiend is represented as making himself a "red Republican" by a bedaubing of blood over his blackness.

On Thursday a grand funeral ceremony, in honour of the victims of the insurrection, was held, their remains being deposited under the Column of July. An altar is to be erected in the Place de la Concorde. The palls were held by members of the Assembly, the army, the National Guard and the Garde Mobile. On the same day a funeral service was to be performed in all the churches of France.—The *Morning Herald* of yesterday (Friday) says that M. de Girardin had been set at liberty.—The Marseilles papers announced the capture of Achmet-Bey, ex-Bey, of Constantine, and long a determined enemy of France.—The correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Paris on Wednesday, says:—"We have not yet recovered from the pleasureable surprise caused by the decree of Monday, which dissolved the national workshops—no measure within my recollection has produced a more tranquilizing effect."—"It has been ascertained," says the *Union*, "that, out of 800 wounded insurgents taken into one hospital alone, 400 were liberated convicts.—It is said that in the hospital of the Pitie alone the gold and silver found on the persons of the wounded insurgents amount to the sum of 159,000f. (£6,000.)—The cash found on the insurgents searched at the fifth marie, too, is said to amount to 35,000f. (£1,400) One individual arrested in the Rue Grange-aux Belles carried 2,100f in gold (£84)in a belt and 30f in silver.—We find the following in the *Morning Chronicle* of Friday, from their Paris correspondent: "There is a very strong and general opinion entertained here, among the parties best informed upon the subject, that the working classes, although completely put down for the present, will soon rise again, and that a still greater battle is before us than the terrible one in which the cause of order has so fortunately been the victor. Similar forebodings having come from the same quarters before, and having turned out to be but too correct, we are the more ready to attach credit to them now. Certain it is, that the working classes about Paris are in a state of great exasperation; that they declare themselves to have been betrayed [by whom?] and that they are far from giving up their cause as ruined. The common expression among them at the present moment is, We shall not rise for the next month but before three months pass, we shall be once more behind our barricades."

Ireland.—There are the same threatening appearances of what is *to be done* in Ireland, but none of the Threats are as yet executed. The appointed time for the revolution is "after harvest."

Mr. John Martin, of the *Irish Felon*, has been obliged to secrete himself from the Police, who are endeavoring to arrest him on a charge of felony, Mr. Devin Reily has been indicted and arrested.

The funeral of Tom Steele was celebrated in Dublin with every mark of respect. Clubs are forming everywhere. The cry of "Tenant-right or Repeal," in the North is changing to "Tenant right *and* Repeal."

The Catholic priests of Tuam have resolved to adhere to Conciliation Hall, and are opposed to the League. The Kilkenny Moderator says the potatoe blight has re-appeared in some parts of our Country.

Italy.—Excepting that the Italian army is threatening to march upon Verona, and the Austrian troops concentrating at Mestri, near Venice, the news from Northern Italy is unimt portant. Palma Nuova has surrendered to the Austrian forces.

Sicily.—A revolt had taken place among the galley slaves which after a severe struggle was finally subdued. The cause is variously stated.

Austria.—It is reported in a letter quoted by the *Spener Gazette* that the negotiations opened with Milan for peace are broken off.

The Siege of Trieste has been raised though the intervention of the Prussian and Bavarian envoys.

In *Hungary*, all political businesss is suspended on account of the fearful ravages of the Cholera.

Germany.—The Frankfort Parliament after much hesitation and long debate, has elected the Archduke John Provisional Emperor.

Denmark has concluded an armistice with Germany, and the difficulties will be settled precisely as they might have beenbefore the war—by negociation.

POSCRIPT!!

THREE DAYS LATER.

By the United States, which arrived at this port on Tuesday, we have three days later news than that brought by the Hibernia. It is however, of little moment. Paris still remains tranquil, though Cavaignac still maintains the state of siege, and is determined to do so till there shall seem to be no fear of further outbreak. Commercial affairs seem to be somewhat more prospercus.

The English Chartists, who were arrested some weeks ago for sedition, have been tried and proved guilty but are not yet sentenced, several more arrests have been made in Dublin.

It is reported that the Austrian Government, is about to send a reinforcement of 60,000 men into Italy.

35,00 persons have been attacked by the Cholera at St. Petersburg.

General Items.

Hon. John McLean, of Ohio, is nominated for President by the Tippecanoe (Ind.) Journal, 'subject to his own consent and the decision of the the Independent Free Soil National Convention.'

A Free Soil Whig paper, in support of the Buffalo Convention movement, is about to be issued at Hartford, Connecticut by Lucius E. Smith, late of the *Courant*.

Free Soil.—The *Charlestown Freeman*, Massachusett, has changed Editors and declared for Mr. *Van Buren* being the *third* Locofoco paper in that State which has hoisted the Free Soil Flag.

Michigan.—We learn from the Battle-Creek *Liberty Press*, that conventions have been called in several of the counties of this State, by the Conscience Whigs, Wilmot Proviso Loco-Focos, and Liberty Men, to declare their opposition to the Extension of Slavery, and to form a permanent organization.

General Taylor and the Whig Nomination again.—A correspondent of the *Charleston News* produces the following as an extract of a letter written by the old hero since his nomination in Philadelphia:

"My former declaration are those only which govern me, and which I now repeat. That it is not my purpose to *accept of the Whig nomination on a Whig platform, or upon any platform* but that which is based upon my own repeated declarations."

Van Buren in Missouri.—Yesterday we were informed by a gentleman, a Locofoco, who has just returned from the upper counties of Missouri, that wherever he had been there was a strong and repectable portion of the Locos in favour of the Sage of Lindenwold. Our informant has had an opportunity of conversing with many of the leaders, and he assures us, a strong movement will be made in this State in favour of the Utica nominations, but that it will probably not take form or shape until after the August election. We have heard as much in this city, but did not know before that the feeling was so prevalent in the country.—*St. Louis Republican, July, 8,*

The *Western New-Yorker* of the 12th instant published at Warsaw, the residence of James R. Doolittle Esq. says, "We are authorized by Mr. Doolittle to say that in the letter of General Taylor to him there is nothing that commits him in favour of or in opposition to any measures of public or domestic policy, or for or against the extension of Slavery into the Territories to be organized in Oregon, California or New-Mexico; and that Mr. D. has no acknowledge of any letter, public or private, from General Taylor, unless it be the letter to Captain Allison, which expressed his views upon these subjects."

The *Fredonia Censor* says that, in consequence of dissatisfaction with the course of the *Fredonia Express* and *Mayville Sentinel*—the Loco-Foco papers in Chautauque county—the Barnburners of that county intend establishing a new paper at Jamestown or Mayville to advocate their principles.

NOTICES.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

The Anniversary of Emancipation in the British West India Islands will be celebrated this year by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, by a meeting at Lynn.

It is expected that a fine Grove will be obtained for the purpose. Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Edmund Quincy, Wm. W. Brown, Miss Lucy Stone, and others will be present and address the meeting. No effort will be spared to make the occasion interesting to all who attend, and of the greatest advantage to the cause of Humanity and Freedom. We invite all to join with us, and help in the good work of liberty for all.

The following persons have been appointed a Committee of arrangements for the day, viz: Samuel May, Jr. of Boston James N. Buffum of Lynn, Charles F. Hovey of Gloucester, Loring Moody of Lynn, and John B. Pierce of Salem.

CONVENTIONS AT WORCESTER SOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

Anti Slavery Conventions will probably be held as follows of which further notice will be given next week:—

Blackstone—Saturday evening and Sunday, July 22 and 23.

Milford—Saturday evening and Sunday, July 29 and 30.

Uxbridge—Saturday evening and Sunday, August 5 and 6.

These Conventions will be attended by Adin Ballou, Stephen S. and Abbey K. Foster, and John S. Jacobs, (once a slave in North Carolina.)

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE E. P. ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in the Baptist Church, in Norristown, commencing on Wednesday, the 9th day of August, and will probably continue during the next two days. To say to Pennsylvania Abolitionists, that this Meeting is an important occasion to our enterprize, is wholly unnecessary. Past experience has demonstrated this. We have only to urge upon them the duty of a punctual attendance upon its sessions. W. W. Brown, the well known and eloquent advocate of the slave's cause, and other friends from abroad, are expected to be present. But the attraction of the meeting, which we hope will bring together large numbers of our friends, is *the wants of the cause*, the importance of our enterprize; not to hear eloquent lips, or to meet distinguished strangers, but to deliberate and devise plans of action by which we may all work more effectively for the cause during the ensuing year; to strengthen our own and one another's hearts and hands. Business of importance, which should interest every member of the Society will be transacted at the meeting, and we trust that none of the friends of the cause will permit a trifling reason to prevent their attendance.

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

Haworth Wetherald, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The sixth Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Salem, Columbiana county, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Let a full representation of the slaves' friends come up on this occasion from all parts of the Great West. The political leaders are marshalling their hosts for a conflict, their followers are rallying by hundreds of thousands to the support of their party banners. Time and money and labour are expended to secure their object. And shall the friends of Freedom, whose faith should be strong in the power of Truth, be lukewarm and indifferent while politicians are so earnest in their labours, so untiring in their zeal? The events of the past year should encourage us to renewed effort, for every movement of importance which has been made, having a bearing upon the question of Slavery, foreshadows the destruction of the system, and the oppressors feel that it is so. The political parties will make a desperate effort to save themselves from the destruction their corruption has brought upon them; and the efforts of the Abolitionists to maintain and enforce the Right should be proportionally great. Arrangements should be made at the coming meeting to continue the Anti Slavery agitation by the lips of the living speaker, and to extend more widely the circulation of the Society's paper the Anti Slavery Bugle. Let none of the friends who can be there, absent themselves for any light cause, for the presence of all, and the counsel of all is desirable.

Besides the friends of Liberty in the West who will be present on the occasion, Henry C. Wright and C. C. Burleigh, are expected to be in attendance and perhaps other representatives of the East.

LOT HOLMES,
Recording Secretary.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery, have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished, the Southern slaveholders are upheld in their sin by the powerful support of Christian fellowship, social sanction, and civil participation.

We determine, therefore, to strike at once at the root of Slavery, by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men and withdrawing their allegiance from such shameful cruelty and wrong, by the continual presentation of the paramount claims of Freedom and Humanity. Union being strength, that fact decides us to co-operate with any whose principles prove them to be trustworthy; who make the abolition of Slavery their primary object; and who, in addition to their honesty of purpose, have sense and sagacity enough to make them safe coadjutors, by securing them from becoming the prey of the selfish set of hypocritical adventurers that every moral revolution calls forth. We find such a sufficient and trustworthy body nowhere but in the American Anti Slavery Society. Years of close observation of its righteous principles and uncompromising practical workings, assure us that it has the elements of success. It continually sends forth lecturers to enforce the principles of justice and humanity among the people, and in a few years is found thereby to have exercised a controlling influence for good throughout the country. It dictates the course and bends the policy of every political party: and, speaking as it does from a height above their selfish personal struggles, its words of everlasting truth are heard, and more and more obeyed. While calling on all to unite with it, it has ever, by the energy and rectitude of its progress, been free without license, and elective without invidiousness. It is not too much to say in its praise, that its cause and its course repel all but the wise, the good, and the bold from active co-operation with it, and brand with dishonour the hand that approaches it to make it the instrument of any selfish purpose. It has no local attachments, no partizan or sectarian partialities, no hidden aim, no double purpose; while, at the same time, every observer notices how happily its labours prepare the way for every good work: for, though specific in its object, its great principle of *immediate individual reform*, without awaiting the gradualisms of party politics, legislative action, and judicial decision, is one of universal application.

This, therefore, is the mode of operation which commends itself to our reason and feelings. The agents and friends which such an association of necessity draws forth, are the ones that we wish to sustain. The periodicals that such an association employs are the ones that we wish to circulate. In the councils of such a body where all persons have equal rights of membership, the *whole* collective energy and judgment are constantly in use, and the chances and means of success consequently doubled.

Hence we find it to be our duty, in preparing for the FIFTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI SLAVERY BAZAAR to commence in FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, on Thursday, DECEMBER 21st, to devote the funds then raised, to sustain the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in its sacred work of moral agitation and revolution in behalf of the enslaved, and confidently appeal to all good hearts everywhere, in aid of so noble an enterprise.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Ann T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Hannah Tufts,*
Louiza Loring,	*Eliza F. Meriam,*
Mary Young,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Mary Wiley,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Maria Lowell,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Francis Mary Robbins,	*Harriet T. White,*
Lydia Parker,	*Abby Francis,*
Harriet B. Hall,	*Abby Southwick,*
Catharine Sargent,	*Harriet M. Jackson.*

All persons desiring the privilege of co-operating with us in this joyful and holy work, are informed that the pecuniary value of donations of money and materials, is doubled to the cause through the means of the Bazaar, by the care, skill, and ingenuity which are entrusted with their management.—*Supplies for the refreshment table are particularly desired.*

Friends of the cause aware of the advantages accruing to it from The Liberty Bell, are requested to forward their donations and articles *immediately*, or as soon as convenient.

Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, are requested to address their contributions as usual, to MARIA W. CHAPMAN, care of A. W. Weston, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Contributions and letters from the American side of the Atlantic, hitherto addressed to M. W. Chapman, may be addressed to ANNE W. WESTON.

Communications from friends in the country respecting lodgings for ladies intending to furnish tables, should be addressed to ELIZA F. MERIAM, Boston.

Members of the Committee who will be in Europe during the remainder of the year, will be most happy to receive donations for the purchase of choice and rare foreign articles for the Bazaar. Address CAROLINE WESTON, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

Every friend who furnished evergreen for the decoration of the Hall last year, is entreated, for the sake of the cause, to continue the same good office, by *seasonably* gathering the requisite "running green," and red cedar trees, and bringing them to Boston, on Saturday, December 13th, thus allowing the indispensable three days before the 21st, for the arrangements.

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American, yellow,	—. 19 a —.22
BRISTLES.	
Duty, 5 per cent ad val.	
St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb.	.90 a 1.00
do. 2d sort	.35 a .—
Okatka, gray&white	1.37 a 2.50
Souchoy	— a .60
American	— a .50
COAL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Liverpool,Orrel.chal	8.— a
Newcastle, coarse	7.50 a —.—
Scotch	5.25 a .—
Sidney and Picton	5.— a 5.25
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	5.— a 5.25
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd	3½ a 4½
do. do. 7-8	— a —
do. bleached	4½ a 5
do. S. I. do.	7 a 9
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6 a 9½
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7½ a 10
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	8 a 10
do. fancy	6 a 12
Plaids	9 a 11
Kentucky jeans,	15 a 30
Satinetts	35 a 60
Checks 4-4	7 a 10
Cotton Osna. S. No. 1	7½ a 8½
do. No. 2	— a 7½
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	— a 14
do. 14 a 19	17 a 19
do. 20 a 23	— a 19
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Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Genesee per bbl.	5.25 a 5.50
Troy	.— a .37½
Michigan	—.— a .—
Ohio, new	.— a —.—
Ohio round hoop	—.— a —.—
Ohio, via, Canal	—.— a —.—
Pennsylvania	—.— a .—
Brandywine	—.— a .—
Georgetown	5.57½ a .—
Baltimore c. mills	— a .—
Richmond c. mills	7.25 a 7.50
do. country	— a —
Alexandria	.— a .—
Fredericksburg	5.75 a .—
Petersburg	.— a .—
Rye flour	3.50 a 3.62½
Cornmeal, Jersey	.— a 2.50
do. hhd.	—.— a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.37½ a 2.60
Dry scale	2.00 a 2.25
Pickled cod, bbl.	3.— a 3.25
do. salmon, tce	15.25 a —.75
Smoked do. lb	— a —
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	7.75 a 8.25
do. No. 1 small	.— a .—
do. No. 2	5.50 a 6.25
do. do. North	.— a —.—
do. No. 3 South	3.62 a 3.87
do. do. North	3.75 a 3.87½
Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl.	.— a 7.00
do. No. 2	—.— a 6.00
Bucksp't. bbl.	.— a —.—
Mass. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	5.00 a 5.25
Herring, pickled	4.00 a .
do. scale, per box,	— a 50
do. No. 1	— a 30
do. No. 2	— a 20
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	1.05 a 1.15
do Western	.— a —.—
do. Southern	1 05 a 1.15
Rye northern	.69 a .70
Corn north'n & Jer	54 a 55.
do south'n(weight)	53 a .54
do N O & West'n	— a —
Barley, Western,	60 a .65
Oats, northern	42 a .49
do. southern	— a .—
do. New-Jersey	39 a 40
Peas white	1.— a 1.50
Black eyed, 2b ush.	.00 a —.

FLAX	
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Russia per lb.	a —
American	8 a —
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Foreign per lb.	— a —
Foreign A. A.	— a —
Live, American	32 a 35
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North River in bales	40 a 45
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First sort 1847, lb.	4½ a 5
LEATHER. [Sole]	
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Oak per lb.	20 a 23
Oak Ohio,	19 a 21
Hemlock, light	12½ a 12½
do. middle	12½ a 13½
do. heavy	12½ a 13
do. damaged	10 a 11
do. poor do.	6 a 7
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Thomaston per bbl	68. a .70
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20 boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	18 a 22
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	15.— a 16.25
do oak, cu. ft.	.21 a 25
do. Gr. Isl.W.O.	—25 a 28
do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft.	25 a 30
do. Ga.yel.pine(by cargo) per cub. ft.	—22 a 25
Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot	—.25 a 30
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	—.30 a 35.—
do. 2d ql.	22.50 a 25.
do. Box	3.59 a .15
Albany, piece	15 a .18
Plank Alb. pine	23 a .26
Laths E. by car.	1.25 a .—
Shingles bh. 18 in.	1.62½ a 2.—
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	25.— a —.30
do. do. 2d ql.	24.— a 28.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	17.— a 22.—
do. do.2dql.	16.— a 79.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	15.— a 16.—
Heading W.O.pr.M.	40.— a —.45
Staves W. O. pipe	60.— a —.—
do. do. hhd.	47.— a —.48
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.33
do. R. O. hhd.	25.— a 28.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef, mess per bbl.	11.62½ a 12.75
do. prime	6.50 a 7.25
Pork, mess, Ohio	11. a 11.12½
do. prime new	8.75 a 8.87½
Lard	7½ a —. [illegible]
Hams, smoked	6 a —. 9
Shoulders, smoked	4½ a —. 5
Beef do.	— a —.—
Butter, Orange co.	16 a .18
do. West'n dairy	14½ a —.16½
do. common	— a —
Cheese	4½ a —. 6½
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—.5 a —.6½
Timothy, 7 bush.	14.— a 17.—
Flax, rough	1.— a .—
do. clean	—.— a —.—
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow. grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered,	7½ a 8
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb.	37 a 40
Am. full blood Merino	32 a 35
Am. ½ & ¾ Merino	26 a 30
Am. native & ¼ do.	22 a 25
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	24 a 24
do. do city	26 a 27
No. 1, pulled, country,	23 a 24
do. city	22 a 23
South Am. washed	5 a 7
do. do. & picked	18 a 20
do. unwashed	5 a 7
Africa	6 a 11½
Smyrna	10 a 13
Mexican	10 a 11

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ANTI-SLAVERY SONNETS.

I.

I have but little influence, and my power
Is weak indeed, to grapple with the might,
That robs my coloured brethren of their right,
Compelling the down-trodden race to cower
Beneath oppression's yoke,—(wailing the hour,
When Time's reluctant heavy winged flight
Shall close life's rayless day, and bring the nigh
Of welcome death, and the graves peaceful dower):—
Yet I will struggle in the holy cause,
That giveth equal rights to every man,
Heeding not censure, courting not applause,
Helping my utmost to remove the ban,
And snatch them from the despot's harpy claws,
Working for quick deliv'rance all I can.

II.

For hope I do, that even my poor aid
Unto the bondman, may not quite be vain;
'Tis aggregated drops form heavy rain,—
Of individual atoms worlds are made:
And I perhaps, some others may persuade,
Whose greater, wider influence shall obtain
More numerous converts, and extend again,
Until all round the sturdy champions spread,
And truth and justice re-assert their sway
'Till mind and body both alike be free;
Error and wrong abashed slink away;
And one loud shout re-echo Liberty!
All share its blessings, and its rule obey,
Whate'er their country or their colour be.

III.

It must be so, there is a God above
Faithful and just, and to his promise true,
And all that pride and selfishness can do,
Must impotent to thwart his purpose prove;
To suffering prayer he bends the ear of love;
He frowns to naught oppression's demon crew;
His beaming smiles expiring hopes renew;
He loves the trusting heart, nor will remove
His face from those who are of soul sincere;
Clouds veil him for awhile, but lo! anon
Bursts forth the glorious blaze! that hour is near,
The hour of man's redemption, comrades on!
See, Despotism's cheeks are blanched by fear,
Press the foe hard—the strife will soon be done.

JAMES STILLMAN.

Miscellany.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Bible Chronology not in Agreement with that of Science.

The singular circumstance has often been noted by antiquaries, that several old nations have records extant which trace back to periods antecedent to the reputed event of Creation. The Welsh and Chinese possess such documents. Efforts have been made to sustain scriptural Chronology by invalidating their testimony, and also by labouring to give them a later date. The "*barbarism*" of these nations has been referred to as proof, that their histories were of little authority. But these efforts have been only partially successful. The arts of civilized life were known in Britain and among the orientals, before what we now style *history*, was capable of being distinguished from fable.

Specimens of art, architecture, and hieroglyphics have been discovered from time to time, displaying a skill and intelligence which utterly sets at defiance the charge which a conceited, self-styled civilization makes of rudeness and barbarism. There was a golden age, when the things which promote usefulness and happiness were studied and practised far more than ever afterwards. And since that, there has actually been an epoch, when science and the higher branches of intelligence were far better understood than they are now, even in our age of enlightened refinement. But what is worthy of notice is the fact that those periods were anterior to the date ascribed to the Creation of the world as recorded in Genesis.

Geologists in viewing the strata of which the earth is composed, have long since decided that the process of condensation, development of vegetable, animal, and human life, required a space of time far exceeding that which is popularly supposed. The principles of causation and effect required such an acknowledgment. The idea that the universal was formed from nothing is preposterous. *Ex inhilo nihil fit.* And the something—the spiritual essence from which all matter proceeded—[Scripture says: "all things are formed out of God"—1 Cor. xi: 12,]—that primal *something* required, according to all known laws of development, a space of time, to which the six days of Moses were totally inadequate.

Astronomical research has also added *materiel* to this testimony. Evidence of an incontrovertible character has been brought to light, proving that the ancients, as long ago as the date termed *Annus Mundi*, were in the habit of observing the stars and chronicling their discoveries. The following extract from the *National* (Paris,) of October 11, 1840, illustrates the correctness of these remarks. It refers to the proceedings of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 5th of that month.

"M. Thirolier submitted to the Academy a work of great interest to Chronology. Two texts serve as the basis of his discussion, in which philology, history, and astronomy, are at once concerned. On the one hand an Arabian author expresses himself thus:

'*In the reign of the calif Almamoun we find engraved upon the great Pyramid, an inscription which points out the epoch of its construction.* IT IS THE TIME WHEN LYRA WAS FOUND UNDER THE SIGN, CANCER.'

"On calculating, we find twice thirty-six thousand years." [These twice thirty-six thousand years being transformed into as many synodic revolutions of the moon, and the astronomical indications interpreted agreeably thereto, our commentator finds out that the period when the Great Pyramid was constructed, was full four thousand five hundred years antecedent to the Christian Era.] A hieroglyph was also discovered in one of the chambers of the Pyramid, which M. Thirolier deciphered. It reads thus:

'*Under the reign of Cheops*, LYRA *arose at noon, at the day of the Summer solstice.*'

[In the latitude of Memphis, this phenomenon could only have happened, as before stated, about the year 4500 before the Christian Era.]

"Here then are two texts which agree; thanks to the elaboration which their author has made them undergo; but they place the construction of the Pyramid *just at the epoch which Moses assigns to the creation of the world*, and chronology cannot fail to be alarmed. The Academy has undertaken to verify the calculations of M. Thirolier."

The objection which many make to this demonstration is that it denies the Bible and is therefore infidel. But we are positive that the credence which we bestow on ascertained facts is at complete antipodes from infidelity. As an account of things which literally transpired, the first chapters of Genesis are probably of no value whatever. They are at variance with all laws of formation and progress which are yet discovered. But be it far from us to deny the divinity of their inspiration.—As a symbolic representation, very similar to the hieoroglyphics of Egypt and the theogonies of the East, they undoubtedly possess a significancy of meaning, far superior in point of value, to any account of the literal Creation which might have been written. And when we place their utility in that sense, no necessity will exist for us to discard the demonstrations of science, till we shall have saved our Bible from desecration.

Indeed upon reviewing the field we find a satisfactory conviction of truth when we have adopted the conclusions before alluded to. The existence of an epoch of Goodness, and another of Intelligence, must become preceptible to every well informed mind. These periods must have transpired and been succeeded by the ages of copper and iron, when violence and oppression supplied men with materials to form a history. By reposing upon them the facts laid open to view, we see no just reason to doubt the correctness of our position; that long before the supposed creation of man, a pure, a virtuous and happy race of human beings subsisted upon the earth, whose story has not been narrated, whose praises have not been sung. Ideas of a *Saturnia regna* were extant among the ancient heathen writers, but no positive, knowledge, nothing except a universal consciousness that such a time was probably possessed by them. An explicit account of those former inhabitants may be found here and there throughout the writings of Swedenborg.

A. WILDER.

VERONA, NEW YORK, July 9th, 1848.

From the Literary World.

THE SEPARATION OF JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON.

Rumours had for some time been reaching Josephine of the doom which was impending over her. Agitated with the most terrible fears, and again clinging to trembling hope, the unhappy empress passed several weeks in the agony of suspense. Both were under great restraint, and each hardly ventured to look at the other. The contemplated divorce was noised abroad, and Josepine read in the averted looks of her former friend, the indications of her approaching disgrace. Napoleon and Josephine had been accustomed to live upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and in their private hours, free from the restraints of a court, she would loiter in his cabinet, and he would steal in, an ever-welcome visitor, upon the secresy of her boudoir. Now, reserve and restraint marked every word and movement. The private access between their apartments was closed. Napoleon no longer entered her boudoir; but, when he wished to speak to her, respectfully knocking at the door, would wait her approach. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture. They had many private interviews before Napoleon ventured to announce directly his determination, in which he hinted at the necessity of the measure. From all these interviews Josephine returned with eyes so swollen with weeping, as to give her attendants the erroneous impression that personal violence was used to compel her to consent.

The fatal day for the announcement at length arrived. Josephine appears to have had some presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her private apartment weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached, to conceal her weeping and swollen eyes, she wore a head-dress with a deep front, which shaded the whole of the upper part of her face. They dined alone. Napoleon entered the room in the deepest embarrassment. He uttered not a word, but mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, as if to divert his thoughts. Josephine could not conceal the convulsive agitations of her frame. They sat together during the whole meal in silence. The various courses were brought in, and removed untouched by either. Says Josephine, "We dined together as usual. I struggled with my tears, which, notwithstanding every effort, overflowed my eyes I uttered not a single word during that solitary meal; and he broke silence but once, to ask an attendant about the weather. *My* sunshine, I saw, had passed away; the storm burst quickly." Immediately after this sorrowful repast, Napoleon requested the attendants to leave the room. The emperor, closing the door after them with his own hand, approached Josephine, who was trembling in every nerve. The struggle in the soul of Napoleon was fearful. His whole frame trembled. His countenance assumed the expression of the firm resolve which nerved him to this unpardonable wrong. He took the hand of the empress, pressed it to his heart, gazed for a moment, speechless, upon those features which had won his youthful love, and then, with a voice tremulous with the the storm which shook both soul and body, said 'Josephine, my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." "Say no more," exclaimed the empress in mortal anguish; "I expected this. I understand and feel for you; but the stroke is not the l ss mortal." And with a piercing shriek, she fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon hastily opened the door, and called for help. His physician, Dr. Corvisart, was at hand, and entering with other attendants, they raised the unconscious Josephine from the floor, who, in a delirium of agony, was exclaiming, "Oh no! you cannot, you cannot do it! you would not kill me." Napoleon supported the limbs of Josephine, while another bore her body, and thus they conveyed her to her bedroom. Placing the insensible empress upon the bed, Napoleon again dismissed the attendants, and rang for her women, who, on entering, found him bending over her lifeless form with an expression of the deepest anxiety and anguish. Napoleon slept not that night, but paced his room in silence and solitude, probably lashed by an avenging conscience. He frequently, during the night, returned to Josephine's room to inquire concerning her situation, but each time the sound of his footstep and of his voice almost threw the agonized empress into convulsions. "No! no!" says Josephine, "I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest which *he* affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me an additional cruelty. O! how justly had I reason to dread becoming an empress!"

At length the day arrived for the public annoucement of the divorce. The imperial council of state was convened in the Tuileries, and all the members of the imperial family, and all the promiment officers of the empire were present. Napoleon, with his pale and care-worn features, but ill concealed by the drooping plumes which were arranged to overshadow them, sacrificing strong love to a still stronger ambition, with a voice made firm by the very struggle with which he was agitated, in the following terms assigned to the world the reasons for this cruel separation:

The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my be loved spouse, the Empress Josephine. That is that induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my own heart, to consider only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution our of marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear in the spirit of my thougts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them shall be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of an empress. But, above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, with a faltering voice, and with her eyes suffused with tears, replied, "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments, replete with dignity and grandeur, which were uttered in public; but Josephine returned from this dreadful effort to her chamber of the darkest woe, and so violent and so protracted was her anguish, that for six months she wept so incessantly as to be nearly blinded with grief. The next day after the public announcement to the imperial council of state of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of December, 1810. Napoleon was there in all his robes of state, yet care-worn and wretched. With his arms folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacting around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless influence which Josephine has exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the centre of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm-chair was placed before the table. A silence as of death, pervaded the room. All eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened, and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter, Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment, and continued sobbing as though her heart would break. All immediately arose upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned by a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul as she listened to the reading of the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood behind his mother in that dreadful hour, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Josephine sat with tears silently trickling down her cheeks, in the mute composure of despair.

At the close of this painful duty, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes; but, instantly regaining her composure, arose, and with her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and, with a trembling hand, took the pen and placed her signature to the deed, which for ever separated her from the object of her dearest affections and from her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down her pen, when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor, and was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility, as his mother and sister retired.

But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of woe. Josephine sat in her chamber in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence and wretchedness Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of his youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire, when suddenly the private door of his chamber was opened, and Josephine appeared, with swoollen eyes and dishevelled hair, and all the dishabille of unutterable agony. With trembling steps she tottered into the room, approached the bed, and then irresolutely stopped, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she had *now* no right to be *there*—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but, forgetting everything in the fullness of her grief, she threw herself upon the bed clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept, while he endeavoured to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together. The attendant was dismissed, and, for an hour, they remained together in this private interview, and then, Josephine parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon so buried in the bedclothes as to be invisible. And when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation of the suffering of a sleepless night.

At eleven o'clock the next day, Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuileries for ever. The whole household were assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who to use an expression of one present, "carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." Josephine appeared, leaning upon the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but instantly entering a close carriage, with six horses, drove rapidly away, without casting one look backward on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness. The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her. Here, after many months of tears, she gradnally regained composure, as time healed the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. It was soon evident that there was no surer way of securing the favour of Napoleon than by paying marked attention to Josephine. She was consequently treated with the utmost deference by all the ambassadors of foreign courts and all the crowned heads of Europe.

One of the ladies who had been attached to the brilliant court of Josephine, upon the fall of her mistress was anxious to abandon her, and to revolve as a satellite around the new luminary, Maria Lousia. To the application, Napoleon replied in an angry tone, "No! no! she shall not. Although I am charged with ingratitude towards Josephine, I will have no imitators, especially among the persons whom she has honoured with her confidence and loaded with her favours."

Josephine gives the following account of a subsequent interview with Napoleon, at Malmaison. "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran towards me and made a *sign* by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. O! then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me, It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me; and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, 'My dear Josephine! I have always loved you—I love you still.' Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephene? Do you still love me in spite of the relations I have contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished *you* from my memory.' 'Sire,' said I—'Call me Bonaparte,' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.' Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. O! how quickly does everything take place upon earth. I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique, originating in his second marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena.—*Kings and Qneens.*

SHAKSPEARE A MAN OF BUSINESS.

Shakspeare, in poetry, is stamped upon the memory of mankind; but how few of us have ever conceived the notion of Shakspeare in business?—the author of Hamlet and Othello—the mighty magician whose potent spells conjured up Ariel and Puck, the weird sisters, and the phantoms of Richard's tent—have mankind ever thought of *him* as buying and selling—making bargains for a good penny-worth—looking out for the main chance—securing the odd half-penny in a reckoning—nay—suing his debtors for what they owed him? Such thoughts we are not prone to indulge when lingering over the page of the mighty bard,—yet the mighty bard was a man to do all these things. "Nature," said that profound philosopher, Jonathan the coachman, to Corporal Trim, Obadiah and Susanna, "is nature." So say we.

A Life of Shaspeare has been recently published in England by a Mr. Halliwell, who among other researches, made the most minute examination of all the public and private documents at Stratford on Avon to which he could obtain access. He has brought to light many circumstances, minute in themselves, but highly curious as connected with the life, character, and pursuits of the great poet.—Some of these would apparently justify the cynical remark, that

Shakspeare, whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine—the matchless—what you will,
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight.

The Bard of Avon makes a new figure in these accounts as an unromantic man of business, a shrewd economist and prudent improver of his property. It is quite evident that he did not scatter his guineas to the right and left in the same reckless prodigality with which he lavished upon the world his treasures of poetic thought. What if the Stratford Courier or Daily Advertiser of that day had come down to us? We are not positive that such publications did then actually issue from the banks of the Avon: but had this been the case, how would our wondering eyes have been struck by some such paragraph as the following, in the "business columns" of one of these sheets:

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the subscriber, either by note or account, are hereby requested to make immediate payment, or their accounts will be left with an Attorney for collection.

eptf WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

If Shakspeare did not write this, it was because there were no newspapers to advertise in. But that he would have done something of the kind, had the means and appliances existed, seems pretty evident from what we learn respecting his habits of business.

Shakspeare, in fact, was a business man, and could make a bargain that would have done honor to the thriftiest trader about Eastcheap or Tower Hill. After he had written those immortal dramas, which can only perish with the English language, he retired to Stratford and became a trader in *stone, malt* and *corn*. In the year subsequent to his purchase of New Place, 1598, a scarcity of corn gave the inhabitants of Stratford some apprehensions of a famine. An account was taken of all the corn and malt in the town, whether owned by "strangers" or townsmen. Our poet seems to have been among those who where the best supplied with the materials for bread and beer; for it was stated in the returns that there were not above twenty persons who had more than he. The books record his name and stock thus—

"Wm. Shackespere, X. quarters."

In the same year he sold a load of stone to the corporation of Stratford for *tenpence*. In 1604, he brought an action at law against one Philip Rogers, for one pound, fifteen shillings, tenpence, "for malt sold and delivered to him at several times." This is not the most unpoetical fact that has come to light for in 1609, he sued one John Addenbrooke for a debt. The delinquent absconded, and the man of law having made his report—"*Non est invent. infra libertat. hujus burgi*"—Shakspeare, what do you think, gentle reader? Shakspeare struck upon the bail, one Thomas Horneby! We wonder if poor Horneby turned upon him with a quotation about Shylock and the pound of flesh.

Some people may look at these matters too curiously. To sell a load of stone for ten pence, and pocket the money, may appear a strange thing to be done by him who described the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, and the solemn temples. To squeeze three pounds odd shillings out of poor Tom Horneby, who had "endorsed" for his neighbour, may not seem very congruent with the pathetic spirit that predominates in the picture of Lear, who gave all to his daughters. "Poor Tom's a-cold!" had been uttered in feeling accents before Horneby was clutched by the bailiff. Did Shakspeare recollect these things? or did he regard them as newspaper stuff, to be forgotten the next day?

There is, perhaps, little profit in asking similar questions. Shakspeare, after all, was a *man*. "I must eat my dinner," said Caliban. Why should not the man who drew Caliban say the same thing? Who is there among us having a brick-bat or two, value tenpence, who would not take tenpence for the lot from the city corporation? As to suing for debts, and compelling bondsmen to foot the bill, the only remark to the purpose is—money is money:

The word is "pitch and pay,"
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counsellor.

Tom Horneby, doubless, deserved to smart for being surety for such a scape-grace as John Addenbrooke. We think we see him now, the latter caitiff, dodging round the corner of a street in Stratford, lest he should encounter the face of the mighty master of the drama, and be asked to settle that small account." What right had he to buy "upon tick," when Shakspeare wanted ready cash?

It is an indubitable fact then, that Shakspeare kept his shop, and that his shop kept him; yet Macbeth and the tempest were written! We do not encourage all shop-keepers in the notion that they are Shakspeares, but it is clear that a man may make good poetry and look well after his pelf.—*Boston Courier.*

EARNING AN HONEST PENNY.

There is no saying more true than the old one, that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives." We are always inquiring, in looking over our crowded city, "how do all these persons make out to live;" and yet they do live, and among the emigrants, they do live better and more comfortably than in their own country. We strolled down to the auction mart at the foot of Wall street, and among the shipping on South street, to see the number of Swiss, German and other emigrants, men women and children, endeavouring to pick up a penny in an honest way, and we watched their movements and operations, with the view of studying characters, and seeing how far ingenious devices could add to the daily gains. A large lot of coffee in bags, were piled up in front of the auction store, while the auctioneer was busily engaged selling groceries to a large company. Crowds of girls of all ages with baskets, were busily engaged in picking up stray coffee beans; picking sugar from between the staves of the hogsheads, or with a tin can and an iron spoon, collecting the supernumerary molasses frothing up from the bung-hole. One particular feat, struck us as exceedingly and ingeniously roguish. A large woman with a basket on her arm, dressed in wide linsey woolsy garments, mounted on a pile of bags filled with coffee, and was taking an observation all round of the crowds of purchasers, with the most studied indifference. A little child not more than five years old, with a bag and basket, crawled beneath her petticoats, and remained snugly ensconsed from public view. On the heel of her heavy shoe, she had embedded the blade of a penknife, and ever and anon she would plunge her rowell into the coffee bags, and as the beans oozed out of the slits, the little girl under her petticoats filled her bag and basket, and when full she slid out of her hiding place and *vamoused* with the spoils. On the opposite side, a Flour inspector was emptying samples from a large lot, and as he drew forth his auger full of flour, a little emigrant girl picked up the drippings by handfulls, which she placed in her basket and when full, she took her tin can, filled it with flour, on which she poured water, and made a dough which she rolled out and flattened into cakes, and baked them at the Inspector's charcoal furnace, in which he was heating his iron brands, and sold the cakes to the boys two for a penny. Talk of Yankee ingenuity and enterpise, where have we had anything to rival this mode of raising the wind? We have rag-pickers who move about in all directions—persons who live within the purlieus of the market, and pick up a stray morsel of beef, a sheep's trotters, a marrow bone or two, scrags of mutton, a carrot, cabbage, and onion, and hence they go to make a comfortable pottage at night. We have hand organs, wind instruments, tambourines, and singing girls, *ad libitum*, and are surrounded with novel experiments of "how to get a dinner."—*New York Star.*

THE MODEL LABOURER.—He supports a large family upon the smallest wages. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day. He rises early to dig in what he calls his garden. He prefers his fireside to the alehouse, and has only one pipe when he gets home, and then to bed. He attends church regularly, with a clean smock-frock and face on Sundays, and waits outside, when the service is over, to pull his hair to his landlord, or in his absence, pays the same reverence to the steward. Beer and he are perfect strangers, rarely meeting, except at Christmas Harvest-time; and as for spirits, he only knows them, like meat, by name. He does not care for skittles. He never loses a day's work by attending political meetings. Newspapers do not make him discontented, for the simple reason that he cannot read. He believes strongly in the fact of his belonging to the "Finest Peasantry." He sends his children to school somehow, and gives them the best books and education he can. He attributes all blights, bad seasons, failures, looses, and accidents, to the repeal of the Corn Laws. He won't look at a hare, and imagines, in his respect for rabbits, that Jack Sheppard was a poacher. He whitewashes his cottage once a year. He is punctual with his rent, and somehow, by some rare secret, best known to his wages, he is never ill. He knows absolutely nothing beyond the affairs of his parish, and does not trouble himself greatly about them. If he has a vote, it is his landlord's of course. He joins in the cry of "Protection," wondering what it means, and puts his X most innocently to any farmer's petition. He subscribes a penny a week to a Burial Society. He erects triumphal arches, fills up a group of happy tenants, shouts, sings, dances—any mockery or absurdity, to please his master. He has an incurable horror of the Union, and his greatest pride is to starve sooner than solicit parish relief. His children are taught the same creed. He prefers living with his wife to being separated from her. His only amusement is the the Annual Agricultural, Fat-and-Tallow Show; his greatest happiness, if his master's pig, which he has fattened, gets the prize. He struggles on, existing rather than living, infinitely worse fed than the beasts he gets up for Exhibitions—much less cared about than the soil he cultivates, toiling, without hope, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, his wages never higher—frequently less—and perhaps after thirty years' unceasing labour, if he has been all that time with the same landlord, he gets the munificent reward of six-and-twopence, accompanied, it is true, with a warm eulogium on his virtues by the President, (a real Lord,) for having brought up ten children and several pigs upon five shillings a week. This is the Model Labourer, whose end of life is honourably fulfilled if he is able, after a whole life's sowing for another, to reap a coffin for himself to be buried in!—*Punch.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

There is no truth in the report of a sum of money having been bequeathed to Lord Brougham by Mr. Watt.

The remains of Mr. Steele are to be removed to Ireland, and laid beside those of his late leader, Mr. O'Connell.

Louis Napoleon is the son of Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, and is the legal heir of the late Emperor Napoleon, supposing there were anything to inherit.

"John O'Connell," remarks the *Newry Examiner*, "took for his motto, *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, and has fully arrived at the latter consummation."

A temperance movement has taken place in Hanover, where the excise revenue has diminished greatly. In 1839 it yielded 551,158 dollars; in 1847, 392,080.

Paris abounds with caricatures. One of them gives two portraits, the Prince de Joinville (with the Gallic cock,) exclaiming, "I am my nephew's uncle," and Prince Louis Napoleon (with his eagle), exclaiming, "I am my uncle's nephew."

The lovers of Shakspeare will be glad to hear that Mr. Devon has discovered a muster-roll for part of Warwickshire, made in the time of Henry VIII. which contains the names of William and four other Shakspears, three Hathways, and other relatives of the great bard.

The paper of the Abbe de Lammennais, the *Peuple Constituant*, attributes, the late rebellion to the intrigues of the House of Orleans. Of the prisoners confined in the barrack of the Rue de Tounon, a hundred have escaped into the catacombs, and can nowhere be found.

The *Sentinel de l'Armèe* puts forth a rather curious suggestion for the prevention of future barricades. It proposes to unpave Paris and macadamize it, thus removing the materials; that the unemployed *ouvriers* shall be engaged to break the present larke paving stones, and in doing so be placed under military discipline.

"An American" (in the *Manchester Times*) says of the Irish in America: "As to any assistance they may give to their revolting brethren at home, we pronounce the expectation moonshine. They will talk loudly and do nothing. They could not be induced to return to Ireland, even to procure the 'Repale'"

M. D'Arpentigny (*Medical Times*) says:—"To organize, to classify, to restore to order, to symmetry, to see neither levity nor truth beyond the limits of theory, and of the *agreed* on, or the suitable; these are the qualities of the hand with squared fingers. It loves similitudes and homogeneities, as the conical-fingered hand loves contrasts."

A great number of the balls extracted from the wounded of the National Guard and the army were composed of pieces of iron, which, by a refinement of cruelty, were pierced, and a piece of copper wire introduced which projected on each side. In many cases this has prevented the extraction of the ball, and the wounded have consequently died.

The Young Ireland papers are very angry with Mr. J. O'Connell. The *Tribune* says:—"He has been living on his father any time these twelve-months. How often has he threatened to exhume the ashes of the dead; and as Æneas scampered from Ilium with Anchises, pickpack, to depart from the seat of war, with his pulverized progenitor!"

The American papers are better informed on public grants than Mr. Mume is. The *New York Sun* twits the *New York Sunday News* with ignorance in not knowing that $350,000 were given to Prince Albert for his stable, and $150,000 for his kennel; whilst it seems that each royal babe is allowed $150,000 dollars yearly for its maintenance and education!

The *Times* says: "It appears generally from the evidence given before Lord Monteagle's Committee, that the persons who succeed in North America are very small capitalists; men who land with £10 or £20 in their pockets, and enter upon a few acres at once, or those who make £10 and become proprietors forthwith."

On Sunday night 200 prisoners, confined in the barracks of the Rue de Tournon, dug through the ground to the quarries beneath and descended to them. There was, however, no issue to the quarries, so that escape was impossible. In addition to this attempt, we learn that 1,600 prisoners confined in the Fort d'Ivry attempted to escape by excavating a passage from their dungeons with large nails.

The Spanish papers report two remarkable instances of longevity, one in a free negro woman of Havana, who died at the age of 125. She married at 15, and had borne twenty children, of whom one daughter, ninety-nine years of age, is still alive. She retained her faculties to the last—could read and thread a needle without spectacles! The other is a woman who died at Cruz de Pontevedra, at one hundred and eight years of age, and, like the first, she had retained all her faculties, and even her teeth.—*Lancet.*

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The Marquis of Waterford and some friends one day took their places in the fourth-class carriage of a railway. To punish such doings, the railway people hired a couple of sweeps, all covered with soot, and put them in beside them. At the next station the Marquis bought first-class tickets for the sweeps, and put them in to adorn the silk and leather seats.—*Liverpool Albion.*

TREATMENT OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.—Dr. Baudelocque has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, a boy seven years of age, born deaf and dumb, whom he intends to treat for this defect. He requests that the Academy will keep an eye upon the child for one year, considering that the patient being examined from time to time during this twelve months, will conduce to the settlement of the question of the curability of this affection.—*Lancet.*

TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ. M. P.—This tribute of respect is now ready to be presented. It consists of a library and book-case, which are on view at the Public Hall, Bailie street, Rochdale, on the 16th, 17th, and 19th inst. to the subscribers and friends. The book-case is of oak, and has been made at Chester. On the doors are beautifully carved the initials of Cobden, Villiers, and Bright, besides many devices upon various subjects, such as ships laden with grain, emblems of plenty, &c.

"It is generally known," says the *Democratic Pacifique*, "that Gen. Cavaignac is the son of a member of the Convention, who died in exile, but it is not generally known that his mother is living, at the age of seventy-six, and possesses one of those charming and vigorous minds not affected by the age of the body." The popularity of the general continues, and he seems to use no unworthy arts to promote it. He is said to be not only an honest man, which is much, but a fearless one.

A KING'S ESTIMATE OF HORSE AND MAN.—I once heard George II. say that he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and, consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other; and one evening, after a horse ran away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk, saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his Majesty snapped her very short, and said, "Yes, I am lucky, truly: pray where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep."—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs.*

THE PSYCHICAL HAND.—This hand is at once the most beautiful and the rarest, for beauty is of necessity rare.—It is small and fine, relatively to the person; the palm of medium size; the fingers smooth or very slightly undulated; the external or disturnal phalanx long and slender; the thumb elegant and small. When comparatively large and knotted, the person has energy and powers of combination, but wants *naiveté*. * * * * To this class of hands belong Milton, Klopstock, Schiller, Goethe, Byron, Swedenborg, Richter, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Sand, Dickens, Devigny, &c.; they reign over the nobler hearts.—*M. d'Arpentigny, (Medical Times).*

Many excellent deeds are related of the Sisters of Charity—their character could hardly be higher than it was, however—during the deadly strife. A captain of the Garde Mobile was made prisoner, and carried by the insurgents into the court-yard of the Sœurs de Charité of the 12th arrondissement. He was about to be shot, when the Superior placed herself quietly before the musket: "Stop!" said she, "this is the house of God! A crime would sully it; the death of this man would bring you evil and retribution." "You are right, sister; you have been always good for us, and we would not like to cause you any annoyance; we will carry the prisoner out and shoot him in the street." This, however, did not meet the good and courageous woman's wishes, and for two hours she contended with raging rebels, and in the end succeeded in saving the officer's life.

WHAT LONDON IS.—London, which extends its intellectual if not its topographical identity from Bethnal Green to Turnham Green (ten miles) from Kentish Town to Brixton (seven miles,) whose houses are said to number upwards of 200,000, and to occupy twenty square miles of ground, has a population of not less than 2,000,000 of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly 10,000 streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, &c. It consumes upwards of 4,369,000 lb. of animal food weekly, which is washed down by 1,400,000 barrels of beer annually, exclusive of other liquids. Its rental is at least £7,000,000 a year, and it pays for luxuries it imports at least &12,000,000 a year, duty alone. It has 537 churches, 207 dissenting places of worship, upwards of 5,000 public houses, and 16 theatres.—*Western Times.*

ATTACK ON THE HANGMAN.—The wretched caitiff, whose "poverty, not his will," compelled him to fill the degrading office of "Jack Ketch," left the jail on Saturday evening, having obtained a commutation of sentence, together with a few pounds, in lieu of his services. He was not more than a few hours at large when, being recognized, he was assaulted in the locality of the Coal Quay by a large mob, before whom he retreated, followed by "popular vengeance," until having arrived at the Tuckey street station, he was protected from further molestation by the police. The unfortunate fellow is a native of the county Tipperary, of the name of Ryan, and was undergoing sentence of incarceration for stealing a lot of watches in the town of Youghal some months since. He is of most wretched and cadaverous appearance.—*Cork Examiner.*

SWEET AUBOURN, LOVELIEST VILLAGE OF THE PLAIN.—It is stated that the Vicar of Aubourn, whose income is set down in the Commissioners' return at £54, with a glebe-house, unfit for residence, receives for the cure of souls in the attached township of Haddington the munificent sum of one pound eight shillings yearly? All the spiritual duty is stated to be performed by this inheritor of apostolic poverty. But Haddington is partly situated in Aubourn and partly in South Hyckham, and it is stated that the Rector of South Hyckham, receives annually from the township of Haddington £120, but is never by any remote chance traced on a spiritual mission in the township. Thus the clerical rule would appear to be the rule of contradiction—no work and all pay, and all work and no pay.—*Stamford Mercury.*

A discussion has arisen between Mr. Forster, the author of the recently published Life of Goldsmith, and Mr. Prior, the author of a biography of the poet issued some ten or twelve years ago. The latter gentleman, in a letter published in the Literary Gazette, accuses Mr. F. of "unscrupulous pillage—of pillage from my first page to my last;" and affirms that the whole of his (Mr. Forster's) "original material connected with the poet consists, it appears, of no more than three short notes, of no moment in themselves, two being merely requests for money, and making together in the number of words they contain, exactly one and a-half of your own pages." Mr. Forster has replied to these allegations; and quite a spirited controversy has arisen between the partizans on either side. It seems, however, to be generally admitted that Mr. Prior has been too hasty and sweeping in his complaints, and that Mr. Forster's work is something more than a mere compilation, after all.

THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.—Go some Autumn eve to the Prater at Vienna—go when the leaves are falling, and unkind winds are blowing; or to the Hradschin at Prague, when storms howl over that deserted throne of by-gone kings—go searchingly about when gloom is in the sky, and on the earth, and in the soul, but never when sunshine and gladness are abroad, and you shall haply see an aged woman moving purposelessly about as one on whom something like insanity has gently descended; but if you have time to mark her well without offending respect, you will see that she feels the iron that is in her soul. Those aged eyes still weep for parents murdered and a brother slain; and as that venerable woman passes on, you may perceive, directed as her thoughts are to Heaven and forgiveness of her enemies, that she still has fierce and bitter memories of the things on earth.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

THREE POETS IN A PUZZLE.—I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on; "for," he said, "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar." Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

"THE YANKEES ARE COMING, OHO AND OHO!"—We learn from the *Limerick Examiner* that a gentleman has written from Louisville, in Kentucky, to a friend in Clare, saying:—"We are here in anxious expectation that every mail from Europe would announce to us a general movement in Ireland, 'from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.' Should such an event take place fifty thousand Irishmen, with a sprinkling of Americans, will be in arms, either to march on Canada or sail for Ireland. The public voice proclaims General Shields the commander of such a force. A braver soldier never drew a sword. He has gained honours for Ireland on the battle plains of Mexico." In anxious expectation! It is evident that this gentleman, who is perhaps, in the confidence of the 50,000, knows a great deal more than all the American editors, and they are not an obtuse race, put together; for somehow or other none of the papers have anything to say about this "50,000 Irishmen, with a sprinkling of Americans." Add to these the 50,000 Frenchmen (doubtless with a sprinkling of some sort) who merely await Mr. Smith O'Brien's bidding to fire Dublin, or do any other great deed of arms, and really we have a formidable army. When will people learn to advance a cause without rendering it ridiculous by such preposterous statements? The gentleman in Louisville is probably some foolish person easily hoaxed, but why make his folly public, and that in the columns of a paper of character?—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

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